

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

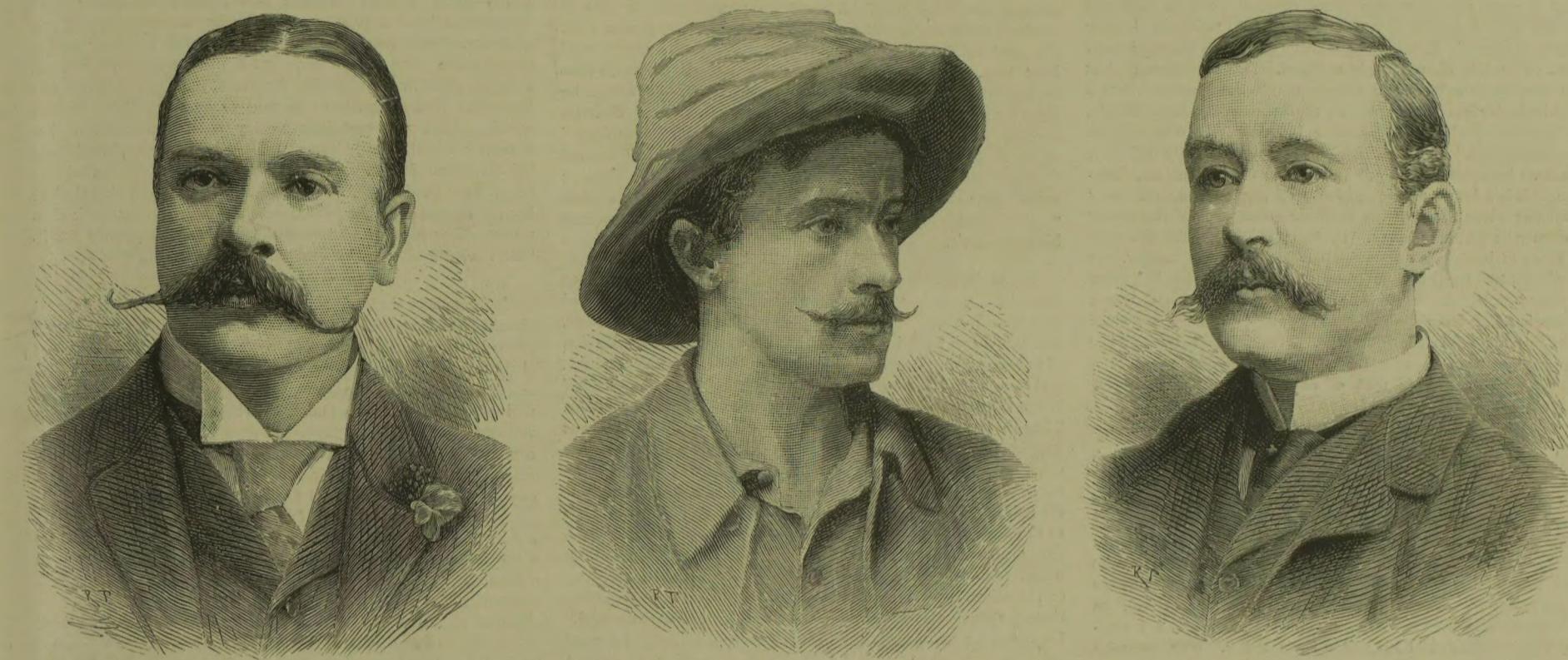


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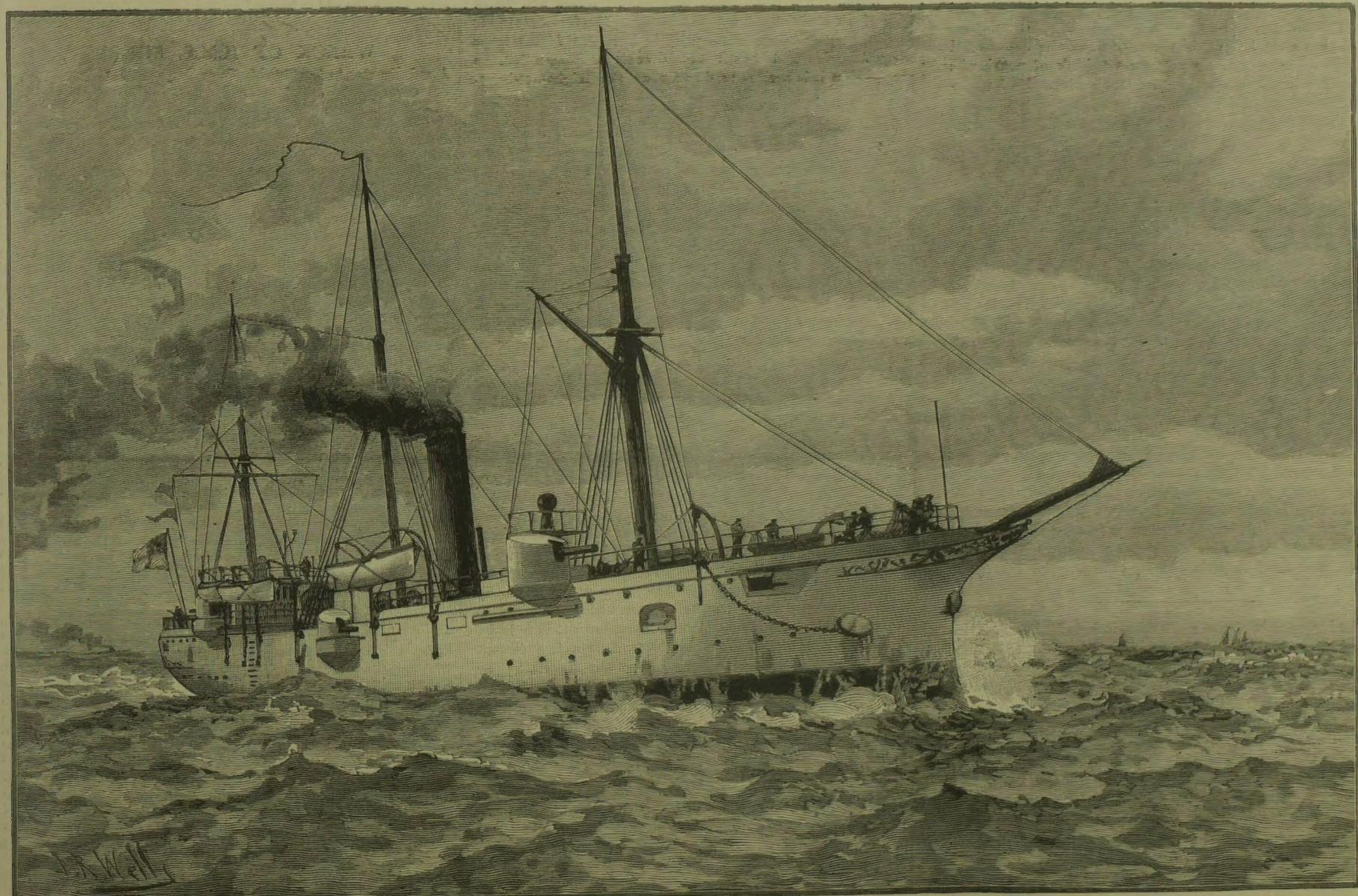


MR. J. ROSE TROUP.

MR. HERBERT WARD.

THE LATE MR. J. S. JAMESON.

OFFICERS OF THE REAR COLUMN OF MR. STANLEY'S LAST AFRICAN EXPEDITION.



H.M.S. SERPENT, WRECKED ON THE SPANISH COAST OF THE BAY OF BISCAY.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It is not a new experience in these days to part with an illusion. It is, on the contrary, almost a safe position to assume, with a certain eccentric philosopher, that everything, if not "exactly the reverse of what it seems to be," is exactly the reverse of what we have been told it was. Henry VIII. has become an estimable monarch; Richard III. bears the best of characters and no hump; and Torquemada is discovered to have been a good Christian, though to have possessed perhaps too genial a disposition for an ecclesiastic. To find the verdict of history reversed upon appeal is what everyone now looks for; but to be told that Circassian women are not beautiful is to destroy alike the faith of childhood and the aspiration of adolescence. Yet even this blow has been now dealt us by the last traveller in the Caucasus. These ladies have black eyes, we are told, but without expression in them, and plenty of hair, all red—not that "wealth of golden hair" with which our female novelists have made us familiar, but carrots. It is only the donkeys who are attracted by it. At twenty they become superannuated—wall flowers. "Nine men out of ten would travel through the district without taking notice of them." It seems impossible to put it stronger than that. The fair Circassian is a fraud. It was supposed that the unspeakable Turk had bought up all the beauties; but a lady traveller has been exploring the harems of Constantinople, and declares that their Circassian inmates have complexions "like dull lead," and faces which look as if "they had been squeezed between two boards and flattened." After all, however, this is a lady's opinion of her own sex, and we all know what our wives think of the aesthetic attractions of the young women who take *our* fancy. Perhaps the Turk, though with no sense of justice, is not such a bad judge in this matter. It is pleasanter to think it than to give up the brightest tradition of the nursery. The first girl I ever loved was a Circassian. I bought her—I mean the portrait of her—for a shilling, on a pot of cold cream. I prefer to believe in her still rather than in any travellers' tales. For what is a traveller but a genteel sort of explorer—a race just now under a considerable cloud?

A new medical order of the day has been issued, though fortunately as yet confined to France, that nobody is to read in railway trains. It is to this practice that the nervous disorders so prevalent at the present day are due. It is a great thing to know the first cause of everything (especially in France, where it is often denied that there is one), but at the same time one cannot but remember that there were nerves before railways. Moreover, the "scrofulous French novel," as Browning calls it, "with blunt type," is enough to try anybody's nerves, even if he is not in the railway. What is amiss in this country as regards railway reading is not the book, but the light one has to read it by. It is abominable that, at night, or in a tunnel, the light for a whole compartment should be inferior to that supplied by the lamp of a hansom cab. But if the business man, on his journey to and from the City every day, is not to read in the train, what is he to do? He cannot always get up a rubber; and how few have the gift of the agriculturist in church, who could "just lay his legs up, and think of nothing"! To occupy his mind with his business when he has once left off is the very thing the doctors tell him to avoid; and many men cannot "think of nothing": they would almost rather think of their sins. If the controversy raised by the French doctor should result in our having our railway carriages better lit, we should be indebted to a *savant* indeed, though it would not be to M. Pasteur, whose sheep, one perceives, have at last begun to bleat *Cui bono?*

The Lord Mayor's Show the other day is said to have been the best on record, and the crowd has been credited with the usual good-humour, by those who were not in it. The gentlemen of the Press are not generally *in* the press, but occupy some coign of vantage. If they had been in Fleet-street, for example, not at a window, but on the pavement, it is probable they would have expressed themselves differently—so much depends upon the point of view. Perhaps it is because tall hats are held to be the insignia of "the classes" that wherever they were seen they were smashed in; but that sort of treatment is not like "removing" the hat—an act of politeness. A salute is well enough from the proper party (or even parties), but it was hardly to the credit of the crowd that if a young lady got separated from her male escort the opportunity was taken advantage of by every ragamuffin to kiss her. This, too, I am told by eye-witnesses, was the custom in Fleet-street on Nov. 10. The fact is that the London rough, protected by Judges and petted by humanitarians, is getting intolerable—even "bread and circuses," in the shape of coppers flung from windows, and Lord Mayor's Shows, cannot teach him good manners.

If we have an Academy of Letters it is to be hoped, if its proceedings are like those of its French predecessor, that they will be kept secret as in a Cabinet Council. One who was an Academician himself thus describes how time was consumed by that distinguished body when they were supposed to be at work on the Dictionary. "They have all the art of making long orations upon a trifling. The second repeats like an echo what the first said, but generally three or four speak together. One reads, another decides, two converse, one sleeps, and another amuses himself with a book. When a second member is to deliver an opinion, they are obliged to read the article again, which, at the first perusal, he had been too much engaged to listen to. They can hardly get over two lines without someone telling a pleasant story, or the news of the day." BoisRobert wrote, "They have been six years employed on the letter F, and I should be happy if I were certain of living till they get through G." No one could say they were a fast lot, but they were always a little indolent, and when the

forty armchairs were given to them by Louis XIV. they continued to take their ease in them.

Mr. Brander Matthews has been giving a jobation to the critics, about which it behoves the prudent writer to offer no opinion—they are little cattle to deal with. But it seems a pity that he makes no mention of their particular victims. Nobody regrets that they were thought to have killed John Keats, since the belief in that circumstance, though unfounded, gave us "Adonais," the most beautiful "lament" in the language; but they did really kill one author—Hawsworth, who wrote "The Voyage round the World." They fell upon him like a swarm of hornets, and stung him to death. It was curious, for he received no less than £6000 for the book, which, one would think, might have been "a blue bag" that would have cured any amount of stings. I am extremely thin-skinned myself, but still I sympathise with the honest gentleman who said, "For five pounds you may write what you like of me"—for, after all, one need not read it. I have never heard, by-the-by, of any critic giving an author five pounds for any purpose whatsoever; the payment has been always the other way. A sensitive person who persists in reading disagreeable things about himself is like a man with the gout who pinches his own toe: he must know that it will hurt him. Yet Tasso was so moved by adverse criticism that he twice recomposed his poem to conciliate it. Of course he failed, and went out of his mind in consequence. Whiston forebore to publish his work against "Newton's Chronology" in his lifetime because he knew that philosopher's "fearful temper," and that "it would have been the death of him"; while Dr. Bentley, Stillingfleet's chaplain, tells us that "Locke's confutation of the Bishop's metaphysics hastened his end."

An unfortunate boy at Vienna, only eleven years old, has committed suicide under circumstances which are described as "inexplicable." He had just begun the Latin grammar, and the lesson held in his dead hand was the third declension of substantives. There was a blot upon the last word declined, and then a line in his childish calligraphy—"I am sick of life." What the poor lad meant was, he was sick of Latin grammar. Though it is said by some that the battle of Waterloo was fought (originally) in the playing-fields of Eton, there are others who say, or at least think, that it was done in the school-room over Latin grammar. It is not understood how exceedingly hateful and unintelligible that species of study is to the dull boy—and still more to the boy who possesses intelligence not of the average kind. It is like organ-grinding, which some people like, and many care nothing about one way or the other, but which, in the case of a few nervous organisations (as practice is said to do in the ballad), "drives them mad." I was not a particularly stupid boy at school (though I earned no prize after seven, when I gained an embossed card twined with blue silk in recognition of a blameless life), but I never understood the Latin grammar, and hated it, as I have never hated anything else animate or inanimate—except the Greek grammar. To a serious-minded man it is a terrible thought that he never, never can "recapture" the time wasted over those classical primers, which for some reason best known to their authors are pronounced primmers. Greek and Latin boys had certainly an advantage over us in the fact that their grammars were written, so to speak, in English. If this poor young Austrian had but been an ancient Roman lad, he never—but it is useless to dwell upon the Might-not-have-been.

To expel eighty students from a training college at once seems (to borrow an expression from the classics) "a tremendous go." The alleged offence is that of "temporarily leaving the establishment as a protest against the food supplied in it." As the young gentlemen hope to be Board-School masters this is very literally "quarrelling with their bread and butter"; but at present one does not know whether there was any butter: details are wanting. We only read that a young gentleman rose from table (presumably on the appearance of some familiar but unwelcome dish), and that the rest followed him, and dined at a neighbouring Temperance Hotel. That does not look as if they were given up to epicurism. These school revolts upon the question of food were once common enough, but they are now very rare. Mr. Squeers's régime has become impossible. Even the Salvation Army has got to understand that an empty stomach is not favourable to the reception of doctrine; it is not a "drum ecclesiastic" to be beaten with texts "instead of a stick." The present trouble has probably arisen not from a deficiency of food but from the mode of cooking it. If this be so, the college must advertise for a *chef*, and I hope they will be more successful than most of us who have had that experience. The only parallel case I remember of late years happened in a large and fashionable hotel at one of our sea-side resorts. The *table d'hôte* was pretentious, but abominable. A conspiracy was entered into by the guests, and one day, when the three soups were served as usual, the whole company arose and, marching out in a body, repaired to a restaurant! It would have made a fine picture for the National Gallery—"Hotel Soup, or the Revolt." The conscience-stricken landlord, the amazed waiters, and the discontented guests! This bloodless revolution, admirably planned—for the difficulties, from the want of coherency in the actors, were much greater than in those described by historians—was completely successful in procuring the desired reform.

One has heard sad stories of lovers being "packed off," but only one of them at a time. A variation in the usual course has now been made by a would-be happy pair, who, to avoid separation, were packed off together from Barcelona to Paris in the luggage-van of a train. Love, of course, laughs at discomforts, but it is difficult to conceive a more inconvenient mode of accomplishing a long journey. An additional drawback in their (packing) case was that each had to be fastened in it (to avoid jolting about), so that no consolation in the

shape of "a tender passage" between them seems to have been practicable. One of them was attacked by a fit of coughing—an unusual sound to proceed from a luggage-van—at the Paris station, which led to their discovery. Sad to say, they were treated as stowaways, and the whole proceeding as a vulgar attempt to travel without a ticket. The lady, though only sixteen, appears to have originated this adventurous scheme, and the young gentleman to have acquiesced in it: it is one thing to go outside a "bus" to oblige a lady, and quite another to get inside a luggage-van. Rumour, full of (lying) tongues, has ascribed this romantic incident to a bet—a suggestion which every well-constituted mind will resent.

It is not every Judge who is a judge of literature, and knows what ought to be paid for "copy," but Mr. Commissioner Kerr is a great exception. He has also the courage of his opinions, and backs them with an award from the Bench. I wish there were more like him. Most of his learned brethren confine themselves, at the best, to saying that they sympathise with the complainant, but are obliged, by the letter of the law, to decide the other way. The bold Commissioner prefers the spirit—neat. A lady writes a story, extending over "eight large pages," and is paid by her publisher two pounds two and sixpence. Scott was attacked by Byron for getting "half a crown a line" for "Marmion," but half a crown a page seems to be an error in the opposite direction. Of course, there was the retort that the author was paid as much as her story was worth, which was certainly a very modest estimate of her merit. "I will take it home and read it myself," exclaimed this excellent Judge. At the next hearing he pronounced it to be "a very good story," and, since the lady proved that she had been accustomed to get four times as much for her work elsewhere, directed that she should receive eight pounds for it. "Oh! wise and upright Judge!"

It is curious that coincidently with Walter Scott's Journal should have appeared Mrs. Oliphant's "Kirsteen," for, though entirely different in plot and motive from "The Heart of Midlothian," it might have come from the same hand. At all events, never since that novel has any other appeared which suggests, and even compels, the comparison. It is old-world, but with the interest of to-day. It is intensely affecting, without causing that depression which the reader resents—and very naturally resents—in a story "with a bad ending." It is lifelike from first to last, notwithstanding that its characters are taken from such different ranks, and its incidents so out of the common. Let the learned idiots who babble about the degeneracy of our Fiction read "Kirsteen," and hang their heads and hold their peace. It is difficult to say what one likes most in it; but perhaps the best proof of its power is that one finds oneself sympathising with the heroine even when she is clearly wrong, as in her treatment of good Dr. Dewar, who, notwithstanding his obscure birth, is worth all the Douglases (save one) in the book. What is most amazing of all is the reflection that the authoress of this fresh and charming picture of human life began putting the world under obligations to her forty years ago. It will cause many to say, notwithstanding the brilliant candidates for public favour that have lately appeared in the field of fiction, that, after all, "the old is better."

WRECK OF H.M.S. SERPENT.

A sad disaster to the British Navy, with the loss of 173 lives, officers and sailors, was announced in our last. On the night of Monday, Nov. 10, H.M.S. Serpent, which had left Devonport on the Saturday for the West African station, was wrecked on the north-east coast of Spain, broke asunder, and sank; and only three men were saved.

The Serpent was a twin-screw cruiser of the third class. She was built at Devonport Dockyard, and was completed in 1888. The complement is 176 officers and men; the displacement, 1770 tons; and the total indicated horse-power, 4500; extreme draught, 14 ft. 6 in.; length, 225 ft.; beam, 36 ft. She was engined by Messrs. Harland and Wolff, at Belfast, and her total cost was £121,000. As to her armour-plate, the official description is an unprotected steel hull, and her armament consisted of six 6-in. 5-ton breech-loading rifled guns, eight 3-pounder quick-firing guns, two machine guns, and one light gun. Her speed was 17 knots. Her coal endurance is given as follows: 475 tons storage. With that quantity she could have steamed 7000 miles. The Serpent took part in the naval manoeuvres of 1889 under Admiral Sir George Tryon, K.C.B., and was considered quite seaworthy. She was commanded by Commander Harry L. Ross. The other officers were Lieutenant Guy A. J. Greville, Navigating Lieutenant Peter N. Richards, Lieutenant Torquil Macleod, Staff Surgeon W. M. Rae, Paymaster James W. Dixon, Chief Engineer John J. Robins, Assistant Engineer William P. Edwards, Assistant Engineer Frederick V. Head, Torpedo Gunner Frank Holsgrove, and Boatswain John Dwyer.

Camariñas, near which little town or village the Serpent went on the rocks, is situated at the mouth of the river of the same name, almost within the shadow of Cape Tosto. It is about twenty miles north of Cape Finisterre and between fifty and sixty miles from Corunna, which is the nearest important town on the coast.

The disaster took place about half past ten o'clock at night, when the Serpent was going about half-speed. There was a heavy swell towards the land, and it was raining. The watch on board did not see the light on Cape Villano, and there was a strong current setting into the bay. The ship struck on the Punta Baeu Reef. The commander, who was on the bridge, ordered the boats out, but tremendous seas broke over the ship, sweeping her decks, and carrying away both men and boats. Soon all the men were struggling in the water, but only three managed to reach the shore, where they were met by the Spanish coastguard. The Serpent broke in half next day and disappeared. Many corpses have been washed ashore, much bruised and lacerated by the sharp rocks. The body of Commander Ross was one of those identified. They have been buried near the shore.

The Lord Mayor has become President of the Thames Church Mission.

The Queen has approved the appointment of the Rev. Canon Argles to succeed the Very Rev. J. J. Stewart Perowne, D.D., Bishop-Designate of Worcester, as Dean of Peterborough.

THE COURT.

The Queen has left Balmoral for Windsor. On Nov. 12 her Majesty went out in the morning with Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice, and visited Lochnagar School; in the afternoon she drove out with Princess Beatrice and Princess Frederica; and in the evening her Majesty and Princess Louise, Princess Beatrice, and Princess Frederica witnessed a performance by Mr. George Grossmith, who had the honour of being received by the Queen after the performance. The Dowager Duchess of Roxburgh, the Hon. Frances Drummond, and Lord Burghley were in attendance. On the 13th her Majesty and Princess Beatrice, attended by the Dowager Duchess of Roxburgh, the Hon. Frances Drummond, and Miss Cochrane, drove to the Glassalt Shiel, and had luncheon there. On Sunday morning, the 16th, Divine service was conducted at the castle by the Rev. Robert Stewart, of New Greyfriars, Edinburgh, in the presence of the Queen, the Royal family, and of her Majesty's household. The Queen went out with Princess Beatrice. In the afternoon her Majesty drove out with Princess Frederica. The Rev. Archibald Campbell and the Rev. Robert Stewart lunched at the castle, and had the honour afterwards of being received by the Queen.

The annual county ball at Sandringham, which is usually given during the Prince of Wales's birthday week, was given by the Prince and Princess of Wales in the Assembly Room on Nov. 14. The Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, Princesses Victoria and Maud, and all the guests staying at the house were present. Over six hundred families of the neighbourhood honoured the Prince and Princess of Wales with their company. The Prince and Princess were at the meet which took place on the morning of the 15th at Congham House, the residence of Colonel Corkran. The guests who arrived at Sandringham on that day included the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury, Lord and Lady Halsbury, the Bishop of Peterborough, and Mr. J. Lowther. The Prince and Princess, with Princesses Victoria and Maud, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and Prince Hermann of Saxe-Weimar, accompanied by the guests staying at Sandringham, and attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the household, were present at Divine service at the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, in the Park, on Sunday morning, the 16th. The service was conducted by the Rev. F. A. J. Hervey, M.A., Rector of Sandringham, Chaplain to the Queen, and Domestic Chaplain to the Prince of Wales, assisted by the Rev. Canon Fleming, Vicar of St. Michael's, Chester-square, and Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen, who preached the sermon. The guests of the Prince, including the Prime Minister, the Lord Chancellor, and the Lord Privy Seal, left Sandringham on the 18th; and the Prince drove over to Castle Rising to join the Duke of Fife's shooting party there. Lord Londonderry, Lord Dudley, Captain O. Montagu, Mr. Horace Farquhar, and Mr. R. Sassoon are among the Duke of Fife's guests. The Duchess of Fife remains in town.

The Duke of Clarence and Avondale left town on Nov. 15 for the purpose of representing the Prince and Princess of Wales at the marriage of Prince Adolf Schaumburg-Lippe and Princess Victoria of Prussia, daughter of the Empress Frederick.

THE ROYAL WEDDING AT BERLIN.

The festivities in connection with the Royal wedding at Berlin were inaugurated on Nov. 17 by a dinner in the Schloss, which was attended by their Imperial Majesties, the bridal pair, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Crown Prince and Princess of Greece, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, the Duchess of Edinburgh, &c. Afterwards there was a gala performance at the opera, the piece being Weber's "Oberon." The house presented a brilliant appearance. On the 18th the Empress Frederick gave a banquet to all the chief wedding guests at Berlin.

The Queen was represented at the marriage of Princess Victoria of Prussia with Prince Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe, on the 19th, by the Duke of Connaught; the Duke of Clarence and Avondale representing the Prince of Wales.

A list of the chief wedding presents of the Princess is given by the *Morning Post*. The Imperial mother of the bride, the Empress Frederick, has given her a magnificent parure, embracing a diadem brooch, earrings, and necklace of large sapphires and brilliants with pendants of pearls. This gift of the Empress Frederick is no less remarkable for the artistic beauty of its arrangements than for its intrinsic splendour and value.

The Emperor and Empress have given five large brilliants, in the middle of each being set a great pearl. These jewels may be worn either as a diadem or as a necklace.

The gift of Queen Victoria, the bride's grandmother, is a brooch of brilliants, of which the centre is a splendid emerald, with another emerald equally large as a pendant. The Queen has also given other jewels, as well as fine Indian shawls. Her Majesty and the Prince of Wales have also given to the bride and bridegroom a splendid silver tea service.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh have given a brooch of sapphires and brilliants; the Duke and Duchess of Connaught a long Indian necklace of pearls, with pendants of brilliants, rubies, pearls, and emeralds. Prince and Princess Christian have given a gold bracelet containing a small watch, set with brilliants. Princess Beatrice has given a silver *déjeuner* service. Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein have given a clock, mounted on a gold pedestal. The sisters of the bride and Princess Henry have given a gold bracelet with brilliants and rubies.

The festivities attendant on the Royal marriage excited the greatest interest among the population of Berlin.

Miss Emma Oettinger and Miss Mathilde Wolff gave a vocal and instrumental recital—in which they were ably assisted—at Kensington Townhall on Nov. 19.

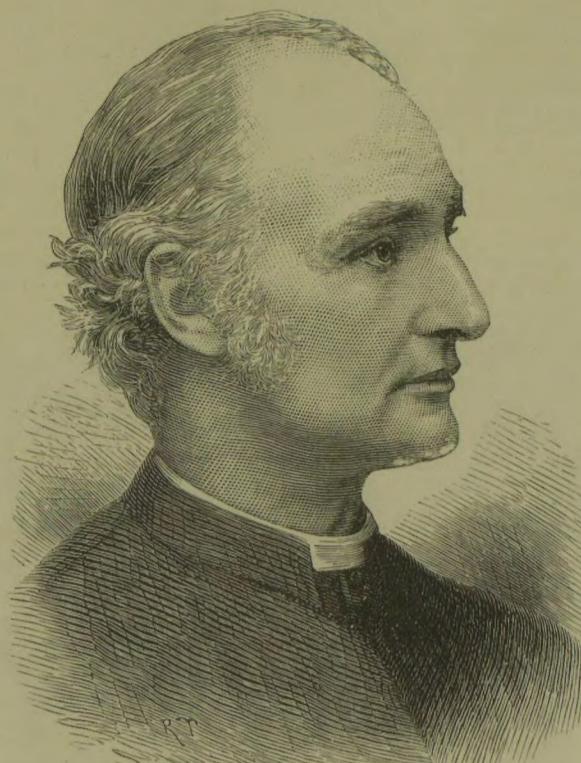
The second of a series of grand concerts and entertainments in aid of the funds of the Great Northern Central Hospital was given by Geo. W. Searjeant, in the Camden Athenaeum, on Nov. 19, under distinguished patronage.

The marriage of the Marchese di Camugliano-Niccolini and Miss Ginevra Colebrooke, eldest daughter of the late Sir Edward Colebrooke, was celebrated on Nov. 17 at the Church of the Assumption, Warwick-street, by the Right Rev. Mgr. Talbot. Owing to the illness of the Dowager Lady Colebrooke the marriage was private, only the nearest relations and the Italian Ambassador and members of the Embassy being present.

In broad daylight on Sunday morning, Nov. 16, a desperate encounter occurred at Hatfield Railway Station between three members of the Hertfordshire constabulary and three armed burglars, who were suspected of having committed a robbery at a gentleman's house at St. Albans. Twenty-one revolver shots were exchanged, and the wonder is that no one was killed. When the chambers of their firearms were exhausted the desperadoes ran off, but one was captured, and was brought before Viscount Cranborne and remanded. The two others escaped in Hatfield Woods.

THE NEW DEAN OF WINDSOR.

The Deanery of Windsor, made vacant by the nomination of Dr. Randall Davidson to the Bishopric of Rochester, has been conferred on Canon Eliot. The Rev. Philip Frank Eliot, born in 1835, was educated at King Edward's School, Bath, and at Trinity College, Oxford, where he gained a second class in



THE REV. CANON P. F. ELIOT,
THE NEW DEAN OF WINDSOR.

classical moderations, and a second class in *Literæ Humaniores*. In 1867 he was appointed first Vicar of the new parish of Holy Trinity, Bournemouth. During his ministry at Bournemouth about £40,000 has been spent on church and school buildings, the whole raised by voluntary contributions. In 1881 he was appointed Hon. Canon of Winchester, and in 1886 to a Canonry at Windsor. He married the Hon. Mary Pitt, daughter of the late Lord Rivers, a lady who was a Maid-of-Honour to her Majesty.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Russell and Sons, 17, Baker-street.

THE LATE MAJOR E. M. BARTTELOT.

In reviewing, on another page, three books recently published, one of which is "The Life of Edmund Musgrave Barttelot, Captain and Brevet-Major of the Royal Fusiliers," with his Letters and Diary, edited by Mr. Walter Barttelot, we have anxiously considered the judicial value of such evidence, positive and negative, as has yet been adduced, bearing on the odious charges of personal ferocity which Mr. H. M. Stanley has thought fit to accept; and on the hypothesis of temporary insanity which Mr. William Bonny has advanced to render these accusations less incredible against a gallant



THE LATE MAJOR E. M. BARTTELOT,
COMMANDER OF THE REAR COLUMN OF MR. STANLEY'S
AFRICAN EXPEDITION.

officer of the British Army, an English gentleman previously of blameless character, esteemed by all who knew him. It is certainly proved by other evidence that, on several occasions, while commanding the camp of the rear-guard at Yambuya, this officer caused excessive flogging to be inflicted on Zanzibari deserters and thieves among his followers; and that in one case the death of a man resulted from such merciless punishment. But the alleged acts of worse than savage ferocity, the biting of a native woman, the beating out a man's brains with a club, the stabbing of an Arab, the kicking of a little boy so that he died, and the beating and kicking of Sanga's wife, whose husband instantly shot and killed Major Barttelot, may well be doubted. If they ever took place, it was within the last two days, from July 17, 1888, when Major Barttelot rejoined the rear-column left with

Mr. Bonny at Banalya or Unaria, to daybreak on July 19, when the Major was killed. Mr. Bonny is the sole European witness, and he did not see either the kicking of the boy or the assault on Sanga's wife, which are stated to have taken place inside the huts; nor was Assad Farran, who had departed early in June, a spectator of these deeds, which appear utterly inconsistent with the previous character and sentiments of Major Barttelot, while there is no symptom of insanity in his writings to the latest date. We think it right to suspend judgment on the truth of these horrible charges.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Earl of Lytton was received on Nov. 13 by the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark in Paris. Their Royal Highnesses were afterwards entertained to dinner by the President of the Republic and Madame Carnot.—The death is announced of John Lewis Brown, one of the French painters whose works are best known in England.

An agreement, which is to be binding for six months, has been signed by the representatives of this country and Portugal, whereby the latter power engages to decree at once the freedom of navigation of the Zambezi and the Shiré, and to facilitate transit over the waterways and landways and communications between Portuguese territories within the British sphere of action.

The two Chambers of the Netherlands in joint sitting have concurred in a resolution approving of the Bill for the Regency of Queen Emma, considering that the appointment was in conformity with the wishes of the loyal people.

Some account of the festivities at Berlin, in connection with the Royal wedding, on Nov. 19, is given in another column.—The German Imperial Budget has been submitted to the Federal Council. It demands a loan of 64,831,963 marks for the army and navy, with the posts and telegraphs and the railway services.—The Emperor William opened, on Nov. 12, the Session of the Prussian Diet, with a speech dealing almost exclusively with home affairs. In regard to foreign affairs, he said the friendly relations of the Empire with all foreign States had been still further strengthened this year, and he looked with confidence to the continued preservation of peace. Next day General Von Caprivi, "in the name of the Emperor-King and of his Cabinet," introduced the chief measures of financial and other reforms referred to in the Address from the Throne, accompanying them with a speech which may be said to have won the applause of all parties. In receiving the President and Vice-Presidents of the Lower House of the Prussian Diet on the 15th, the German Emperor repeated his assurance that the outlook was such as to warrant the most decided belief in the maintenance of peace.

The Czarewitch arrived at Athens on Nov. 12, and was received at the Piraeus by the King of the Hellenes and the other members of the Greek Royal family, who proceeded with him to the palace amid great cheering from the people.

Mr. Stanley gave his first lecture since his return to America, on Nov. 11, at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. A brilliant audience, representing the élite of the society of the city, was present. Next day he lectured at the Academy of Music, New York, in aid of the Homœopathic Hospital. Mr. W. W. Goodrich presided, and there was a large audience. Three thousand dollars was netted to the hospital as the result of the entertainment.—The Irish Home Rulers have been lecturing at Worcester, Providence, Jersey City, and other places. They have been warmly received, and the dollars are flowing in.

The Grand Jury at Montreal have returned a true bill against Mr. O'Brien, the journalist who is charged with having circulated a false report of the arrest of Prince George of Wales during his Royal Highness's visit to that city.—A remarkable discovery of gold is reported to have been made at Goldriver, in Lunenburg County, Nova Scotia. The indications are said to show the richest quartz of lode on the North American Continent. A gold-mining boom consequently prevails in Nova Scotia.

The Brazilian Congress held its first sitting on Nov. 15. The President's Message, after reviewing the work of the Provisional Government, formally transferred its powers to the Chambers.

The revolution in Honduras is at an end. A telegram from Tegucigalpa states that President Bogran has captured the barracks in which General Sanchez took refuge after the storming of the town, and has had the Pretender shot in one of the public squares.

The Viceroy of India arrived at Delhi on Nov. 17. The municipality presented an address urging, among other things, the construction of a railway from Delhi to Kurrahee.

The Hon. John Gavan Duffy, Postmaster-General in the new Cabinet of Victoria, Australia, has expressed himself in favour of the cable guarantee, notwithstanding the refusal of Queensland and New Zealand to bear a share. All the Ministers composing the new Cabinet have been re-elected without opposition. Dr. Saumarez Smith, the new Bishop of Sydney and Primate of Australia, has had a gratifying reception in Adelaide and Melbourne, as well as in the capital of his own diocese.—A mass meeting in Melbourne of the strikers formally declared the labour strike to be ended, the leaders admitting their defeat.

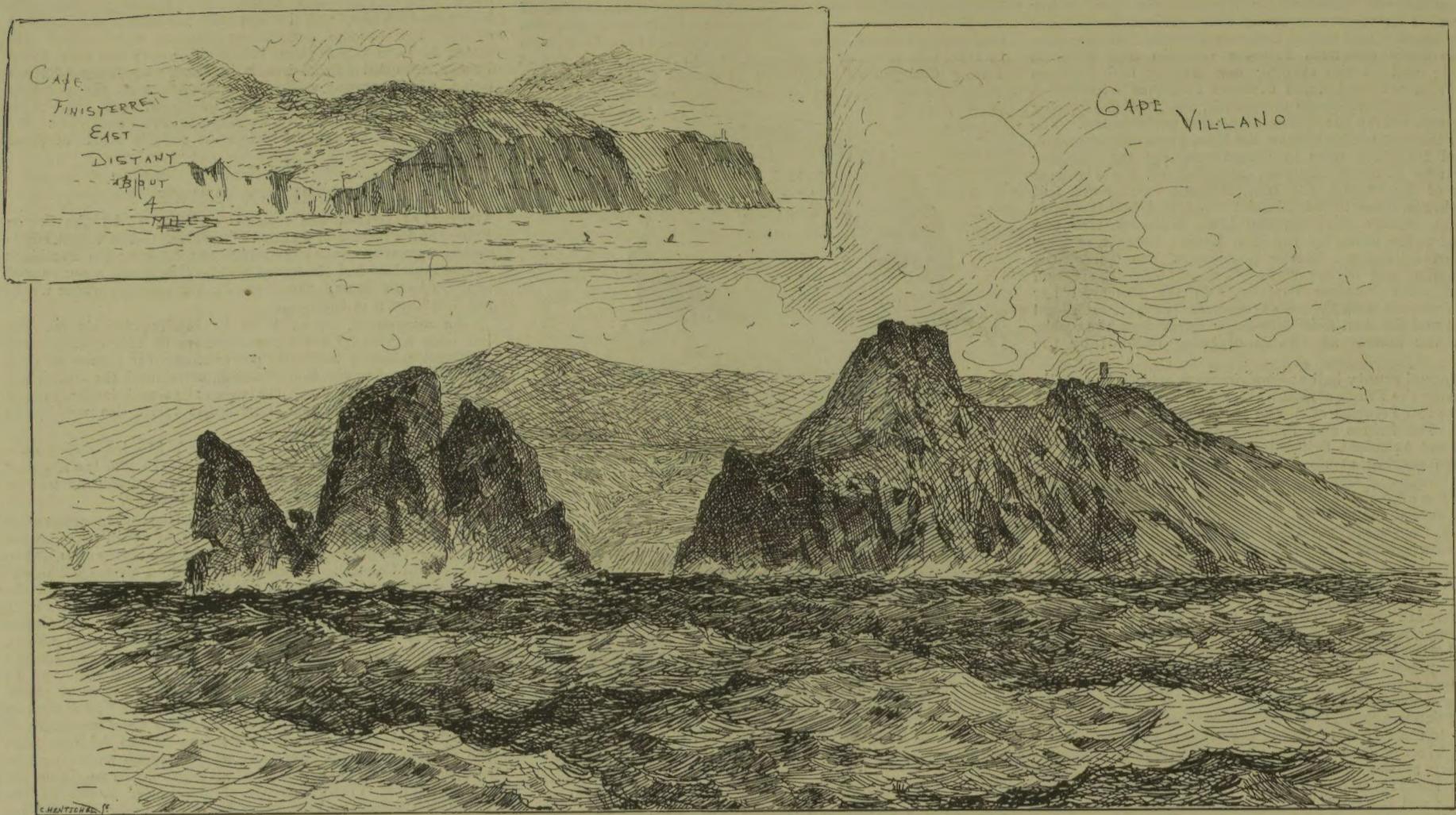
Colonel Charles Euan-Smith, in the presence of a large attendance of British Indians and Arabs, has invested the Sultan of Zanzibar with the order of Knight Commander of the Star of India. The Sultan expressed himself as deeply grateful for the honour conferred upon him by her Majesty.

A Latin service, with the special Psalms and the Te Deum se' to Gregorian music, in commemoration of founders and benefactors of Westminster School, was held on Nov. 17 in the Abbey. The Dean of Lincoln preached the sermon.

The fifth annual exhibition of the London and Provincial Ornithological Society has been held in the Berners Hall, an annexe of the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington. The exhibition was naturally strong in canaries and mules, and among the British and foreign cage-birds were many remarkable specimens in their respective sections.

At the concert given on Nov. 14 by Mdlle. Jeanne Douste, the most interesting part of the performance was unquestionably that which consisted of solos by Mdlle. Jeanne Douste and of duets by Mdlle. Jeanne and Mdlle. Louise Douste. The playing of both sisters is remarkable for grace, finish, and the most exquisite feeling.

Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, fine-art publishers, of Coleman-street, City, and of Paris and New York, show great skill in the art of colouring. Their Christmas and New Year cards and booklets are excellent in quality and of great variety. Besides pictures of men, women, and children—the last-named being especially charming—they have a numerous collection of picturesque objects—windmills, waterfalls, castles, ships, flowers, birds, snow-covered trees, and other objects.



CAPE VILLANO, AND THE COAST WHERE H.M.S. SERPENT WAS WRECKED.

T. Macleod, Lieutenant. P. N. Richards, Lieut. F. Holsgrove, Gunner. F.V. Head, Engineer.

Guy Greville, Lieutenant.

W. Edwards, Engineer.

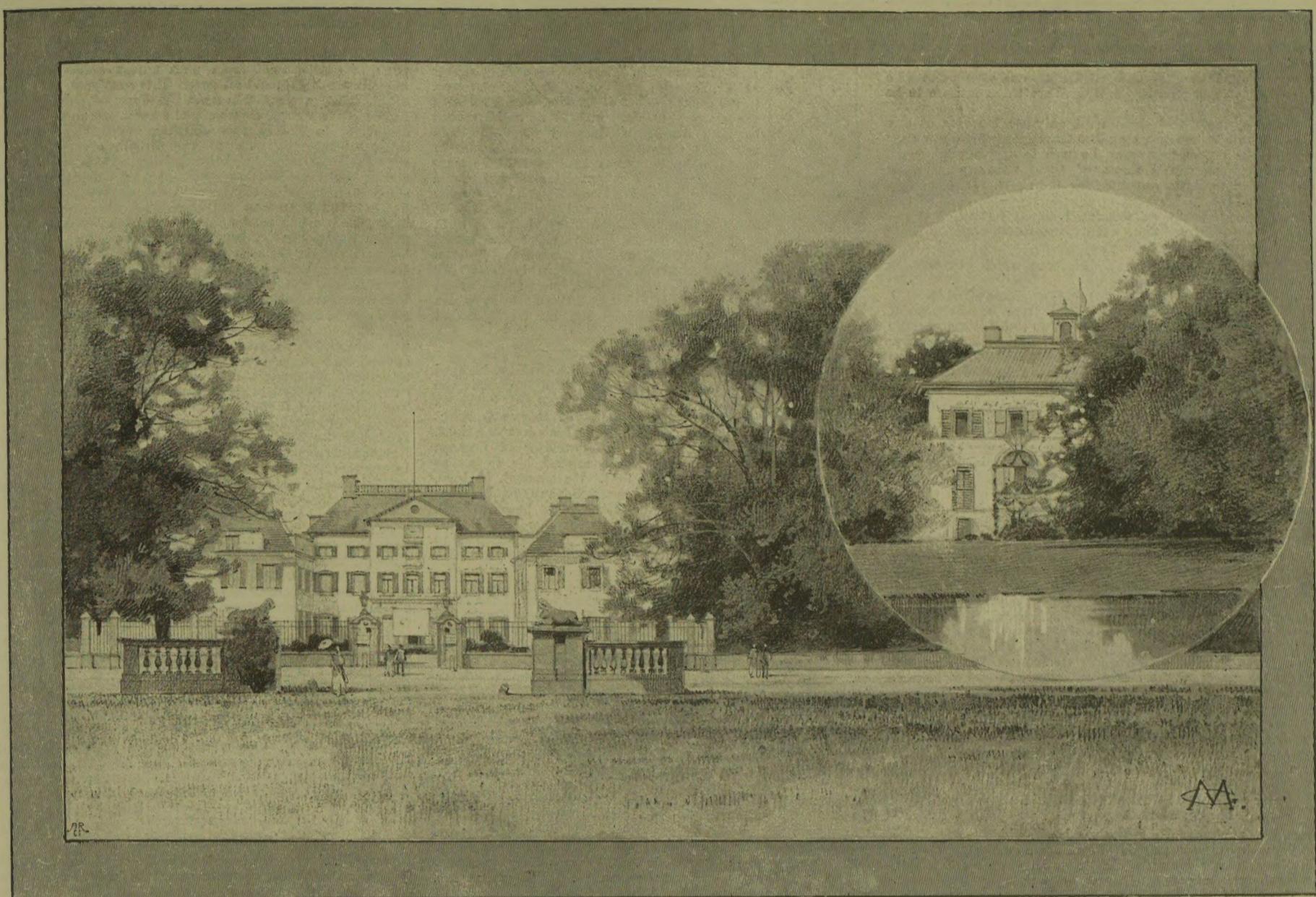


W. M. Rae, Staff Surgeon.

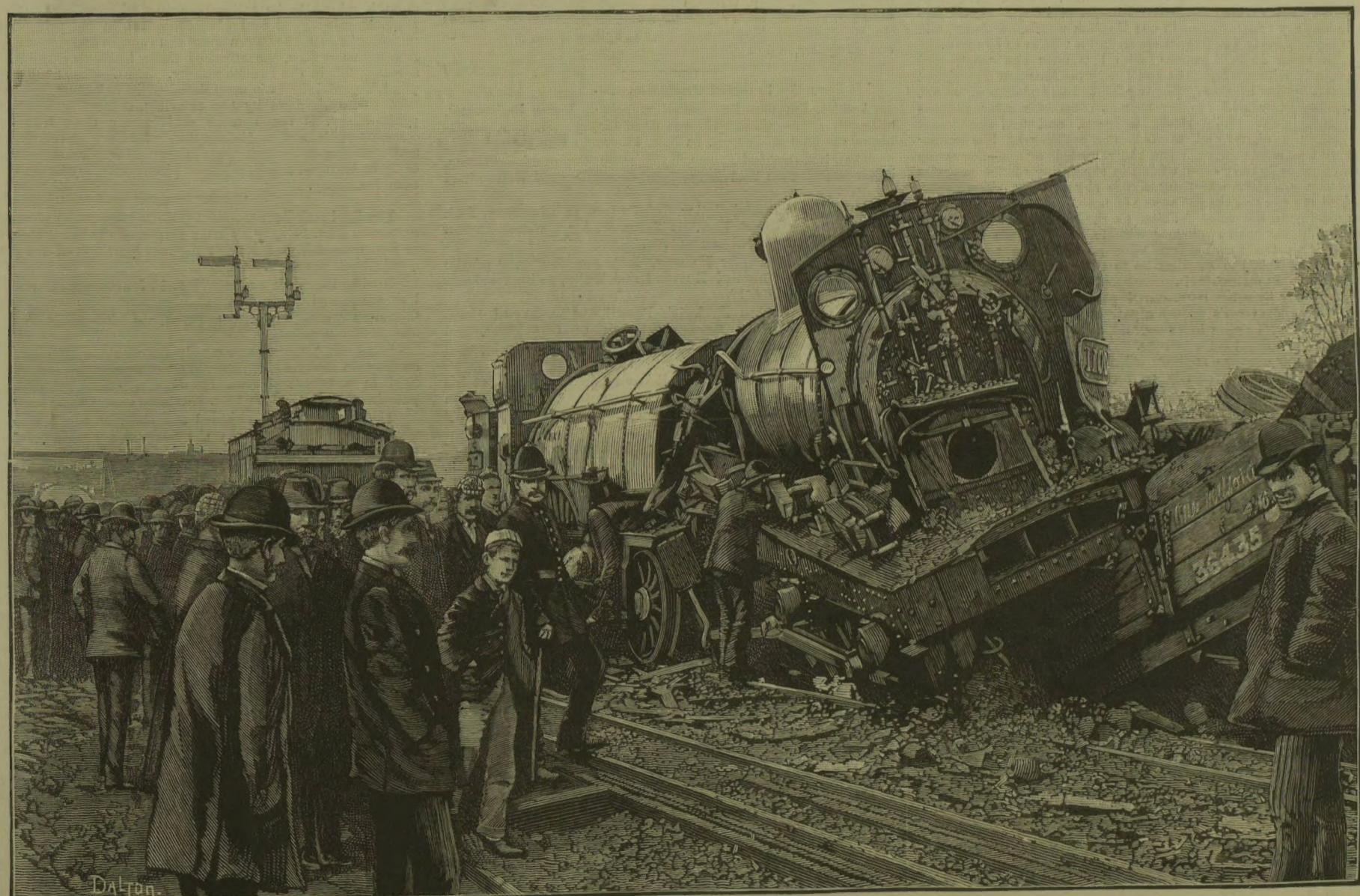
H. L. Ross, Commander.

J. J. Robins, Chief Engineer. J. Dixon, Paymaster.

THE LATE OFFICERS OF H.M.S. SERPENT.



THE ROYAL PALACE OF LOO, WHERE THE KING OF HOLLAND IS LYING ILL.



THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT AT NORTON FITZWARREN, NEAR TAUNTON.

WINTER VISITORS.

The shortening days and lengthening nights of the ending year, especially when moonlit, bring the winter visitors apace—not to towns or even villages standing amid rural solitudes, for some of the most romantic villages contain neither such visitors nor their observers, but in the solitudes themselves, amid the roads, lanes, and fields, the streams and woods such as are only thoroughly enjoyed by persons who appreciate Cowper's "Winter Morning's Walk," are these visitors to be found.

He who would find them need only use his eyes, at any rate for such as do not seek the fastnesses which are only open to the proprietary feet. Enough is seen in road, mead, and lane, on moor and shore, of these wild wayfarers to interest all who have any taste for the sight. It is not only the sight of the

Congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat whose artless strains solute
Swelled all the music,

but of various unfamiliar feathered forms which give novelty to the most familiar places.

And this is one of the most peculiar effects of winter. A green field grows even to the rural observer in some, but of course in much less, degree what it is to the denizen of "the sweet shady side of Pall Mall." But let wintry weather come! There is a transformation! The wayfarer glances over the hedge, sees under the farther one a flock of fieldfares, or redwings, all intent on the store of berries which, in varied hues, the bare branches produce for the birds' repast. Hips-and-haws, hollyberries, bryony, honeysuckle, and others are all the favourite food of the wayfaring birds, and greedily they feast on them, though keeping a wary eye on any possible intruder. There is not much sound save the chatter of the starlings, who now show themselves, especially towards evening, and always where there are reedbeds which they so much love as in the days of thatching to have been rurally anathematised for spoiling the material, in immense flocks. But the robin pipes his sweet ditty more plaintively than ever, and always audacious sparrows chirp loudly and incessantly from cottage and farmhouse eaves, watching every opportunity of satisfying their unfailing appetites.

And nobler visitors, at any rate in the shooter's eyes, are plentiful. Nothing is more remarkable in rural life than the way in which snipe appear. On one afternoon you take your walks abroad past each marshy bit of land, each big ditch and winding rill which usually are only the haunts of the farmers' peripatetic ducks or the lively water-wagtail and dabchick. The next day when you pass the places there spring, in one direction and another, snipe, with that cheery "skape" so familiar to the shooter, and zigzag away upwind. Sometimes a "wisp" of these dainty little birds rise simultaneously from a tussock of grass or the edge of a rill. Year after year, it is curious to note how snipe like the same place, and—

Bore with long bill th' investing mould,
And feel, and from the secret hold
Dislodge the reptile prey.

These lines apply equally to the woodcock, which is one of the winter visitors most prized. From some lone coppice—nay, sometimes from a clump of holly, or an open space which, during the greater part of the year, holds nothing but chattering blackbirds, the long-billed prize flaps out; at first with that easy owl-like flight, which so deceives the youthful gunner, until it becomes that twisting and erratic course among the tree-trunks which will test the cleverness of the most accomplished shot. Here and there, a rarer visitor is seen in lonely places. Dear, indeed, to the ornithologist is such a sight as that of the "great" snipe or one of the owls not usually met with in these latitudes. Wind-driven and storm-tossed, various feathered foreigners in the winter find a temporary resting-place in our English woods, meadows, and moor-lands, only too frequently to fall a victim to the gun.

To those it is, however, who live near the coast, and especially where lofty cliffs and lonely beaches are thundered against by the breakers, flinging high their sheets of spray, that the rarer and most numerous class of winter visitors presents itself. Wild duck, widgeon, and teal are found in many a place, and towards the evening at low water make the sands noisy with their varied voices—the sands which usually only echo with the screaming of the seagulls and the plaintive whistling of the shy curlews. The accustomed ear can tell the difference of note. The mallards quack something in the same fashion as their farmyard congeners. The widgeons have a resonant whistle, which again is in contrast with the rasping, croaking note of the teal, which perhaps as it is the smallest so is the most beautiful of all wildfowl. In strings flying overhead the larger wildfowl are seen by day by some sequestered place not far from the sea, while near the river's mouth a pair of teal are found in the usual fashion keeping together, and, as they dart down stream, sweeping along all its windings.

But rarer chances still are offered to those who sojourn on the northern and especially on some parts (this year affords particular instance) of the Irish coast. The wary grey wild geese flying wedge-shaped high in the air, with their sonorous cry, "Hank! hank!" coming downwards and echoing around, are sights to fire the shooter's desires. But to get near them is, indeed, a task of difficulty. They are as hard to approach as are the wild red deer. Nay, if one may fairly compare the large and small game, it may be said that as much skill and stalking are necessary. Wild geese post sentinels, who are always on the alert, and are too clever birds to pitch if they can possibly avoid it in any feeding-ground which does not afford a fine unimpeded view of the surrounding country. They instinctively avoid any place which is sheltered by cover, enabling the sportsman to get near them. As wary as is the tame goose—drive over one if you can, given a fair chance to the bird—amid its domesticated surroundings, so equally is the wild one with the advantages of sea, of rugged paths of lonely, secluded, and hardly approachable spots to aid its natural instinct.

Few indeed, comparatively, are those of the general bulk of humanity who have seen another stately and beautiful visitor—the wild swan. Just now, on the coast of some parts of Ireland, such a sight is amply afforded. Who that has ever seen these beautiful graceful birds riding in a stormy bay amid the snow showers or winging their way overhead with long outstretched necks, and uttering their wild bugle-call—a thrilling note—can ever forget the experience of meeting with such feathered visitors?

F. G. W.

Mr. Henry Burt, the general manager of the Hansard Publishing Union, has been appointed printer of the Journals of the House of Commons, in succession to Mr. Henry Luke Hansard.

Two important billiard-matches were brought to a close in London on Nov. 15. In a 12,000-up spot-barred match between J. Roberts and H. Coles, who was conceded 5000 start, the former won by 457 points; and T. Taylor gained an easy victory over Hugh McNeil, beating him by 1166 points in an 8000-up spot-barred match.

OBITUARY.

SIR J. F. DAVIS, BART.

Sir John Francis Davis, Bart., K.C.B., F.R.S., D.C.L., of Hollywood, in the county of Gloucester, died on Nov. 13, at his residence, near Bristol. He was born July 16, 1795, the eldest son of Mr. Samuel Davis, F.R.S., at one time Judge and Magistrate at Benares, by Henrietta, his wife, daughter of Mr. Solomon Boileau, of Dublin, and was, in the earlier period of his life, connected with the affairs of China. In 1816 he was attached to Lord Amherst's Embassy to Pekin, and was joint Commissioner with Lord Napier in China in 1834. From 1844 to 1848 he went as her Majesty's Plenipotentiary in China, and Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Hong-Kong. A Baronetcy was conferred on him July 18, 1845, and the decoration of K.C.B. in the following year. Sir John married first, in 1822, Emily, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Humfrays, of the Bengal Engineers, and by her (who died in 1866) had one son, Sullivan Francis, acting Judge at Arrah, who died in 1862, and six daughters. He married secondly, in 1867, Lucy Ellen, eldest daughter of the Rev. T. J. Rocke, Vicar of Exmouth, by whom he leaves one son, now Sir Francis Boileau Davis, second Baronet, born Feb. 26, 1871.

SIR J. G. S. SEBRIGHT, BART.

Sir John Gage Saunders Sebright, Bart., died on Nov. 15, aged forty-seven, at Caddington Hall, Dunstable, the residence of his half-brother, Mr. Guy Sebright, late of the Coldstream Guards. He was the eldest son of Sir Thomas Gage Saunders Sebright, by his first wife, the daughter of Captain Hoffmann, R.N., and succeeded his father as ninth Baronet in 1864. He married, in 1865, the Hon. Olivia Fitzpatrick, youngest daughter of the first Lord Castletown of Upper Ossory, and leaves issue surviving, one son, Egbert Cecil, who was born in 1871, and succeeds to the baronetcy, which dates from the year 1626.

MR. JUSTICE O'HAGAN.

John O'Hagan, Q.C., M.A., late one of the Judges of the High Court of Justice in Ireland, died at Glenaveena, Howth, on Nov. 12. Judge O'Hagan was one of the brightest ornaments of the Irish Bench, a sound lawyer, an accomplished scholar, and a graceful poet. He was born in 1822, the second son of Mr. John Arthur O'Hagan, of Newry, and entered Trinity College in due course, joining with enthusiasm the politics of the "Young Ireland" party. His poetical contributions at that time to the *Nation* still hold a high place in Irish literature. After awhile he abandoned verse for law, and gained a distinguished position at the Bar, especially in the Court of Chancery. For a short time he held the office of a County Court Judge, but resigned it, and was eventually appointed, on the passing of the Land Bill, Judge of the new Land Court. To the last he remained an Irish Nationalist, and to the end cultivated letters with a zealous and an honest love. His version of the French epic "The Song of Roland" was much admired. Mr. Justice O'Hagan married, in 1866, Frances Mary, youngest daughter of his great friend Thomas, Lord O'Hagan, at one time Lord Chancellor of Ireland, but had no issue.

MR. DAVENPORT OF DAVENPORT.

Mr. Edmund Henry Davenport of Davenport, Shropshire, J.P., died on Nov. 12, at 48, Cornwall-gardens, South Kensington, aged fifty-one. He was the second son of the late Mr. William Sharington Davenport of Davenport, and represented one of the oldest families in England, deducing descent from Ormus de Davenport, temp. William the Conqueror. Mr. Davenport married, Feb. 25, 1875, Margaret Anne, daughter of Mr. James Smith, Resident Magistrate, Tasmania's Peninsula, and leaves one daughter, Hilda Marguerite.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Amelia, Baroness De Samuel, widow of Baron De Samuel, a Peer of Portugal, and afterwards of George William Hamilton, sixth Earl of Orkney, on Nov. 11.

The Rev. Richard Payne, B.C.L., Hon. Canon of Salisbury, Vicar of Downton 1841 to 1882, and Rural Dean of Wilton 1848 to 1879.

Mr. Edward Daniel Mellor, Chief Clerk in Chancery, fifth son of the late Right Hon. Sir John Mellor, the well-known Judge, on Nov. 8, aged forty-seven.

The Rev. Alexander Hannay, D.D., the Secretary of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, at his residence at Hornsey, on Nov. 12.

The Rev. William Frederick Powell, Prebendary of Hereford Cathedral, late Honorary Canon of Gloucester, and formerly for thirty years Vicar of Cirencester, on Nov. 16, aged eighty-seven.

Mr. Shirley Hibberd, the well-known horticulturist, at his residence at Kew, on Nov. 16. He was at the Chrysanthemum Society's dinner on the 13th, and attended to his literary duties to the last.

Mr. William Rogers, ex-Mayor of Wigan, and President of the National Association of Colliery Managers, on Nov. 12, after a brief illness. The deceased was a well-known mining engineer and colliery proprietor, and forty-four years of age.

Major-General Charles Pasley, C.B., late of the Royal Engineers, on Nov. 11, in his sixty-sixth year. He was eldest and last surviving son of Lieutenant-General Pasley, K.C.B. He was severely wounded in the New Zealand War of 1860, and retired in 1881.

The Rev. Luke Curry, Canon and Dean of the Roman Catholic Church at Dodding Green, near Kendal, after a short illness, esteemed and respected by all denominations. He took an active part in educational work, and was for several years a member of the Carlisle School Board.

Dr. Waters, J.P. for Chester, one of the most distinguished and best-known practitioners in the North of England, suddenly, at Chester, on Nov. 11, from heart disease. In 1866 the deceased gentleman was President of the British Medical Association, and three years ago he received the Distinguished Merit Medal of the British Association for his services in securing the direct representation of the medical profession on the Medical Council. He married the Hon. Mrs. Hely-Hutchinson, daughter of the Earl of Donoughmore, who survives him.

Anne Elliott, Dowager Lady Roberts, second wife of the late Sir Thomas Howland Roberts, Bart., and eldest daughter of the late Hon. Captain William Langdon, R.N., M.L.C., Tasmania, at 31, Argyll-road, Kensington, on Nov. 10, after a few days' illness. Her Ladyship's wide but unstinting benevolence will be missed by many institutions as well as by a large circle of the needy to whom she personally ministered. The first part of the Burial Service was performed at St. Mary Abbotts Parish Church, Kensington, on the 13th, and the remains were afterwards interred at St. Paul's Cray, Kent. Her Ladyship leaves two sons and one daughter.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY DISASTER.

The collision of trains at Norton Fitzwarren, near Taunton, on the Bristol and Exeter line of the Great Western Railway, by which ten passengers were killed and sixteen other persons much injured, took place about two hours after midnight, or at two o'clock in the morning, of Tuesday, Nov. 11. It is the practice upon the arrival of steamers at Plymouth to dispatch a special mail train with letters and passengers to London, the North, and all parts. This was done on the Monday night, when a steamship from the Cape of Good Hope had landed mails and passengers. The train, which left Exeter at a quarter to one in the morning, conveyed as passengers some miners returning to the North of England from the South African gold-mines, and most of the killed and injured were of that class. Some of them possessed considerable sums in gold and otherwise, as much as £90 in gold being found upon one of them; one was a Kaffir, named Titus, the son of a native convert who is a Wesleyan preacher at the gold-fields. When this train, the "Cape Mail," was between Wellington and Taunton, some thirty miles north of Exeter, the disaster occurred. The 6.45 p.m. goods down train from Bristol had been moved on to the up line at Norton Fitzwarren station to allow the 9.55 p.m. ex-Bristol, an express goods train, to pass. While the slow luggage train was standing waiting near the booking-office on the "up" line, the "Cape Mail," which was coming along at fifty miles an hour, dashed into it, the result being as terrible as can well be imagined. Both engines were completely wrecked, the broken carriages and débris being piled to a height of about thirty feet. The driver and fireman of the mail were both injured, and would have been killed but for the fact that the engine had behind it the heavy coal-tender, which "telescoped" into the foremost carriages, and bore the brunt of the crash from behind. In one carriage the occupants, including a woman and several children, had a miraculous escape, the glass in the windows of that particular compartment being not even broken, while every other compartment was smashed. The collision was manifestly due to the signalman of the station forgetting to have the down goods train removed from the up line, and allowing the signals of the up line being clear to remain. This man, George Rice, is sixty-three years of age, and has been a trusty servant of the company thirty-five years; but he was accidentally knocked down by a pilot-engine, while crossing the line, some months ago, receiving injuries to the head and ribs. He has since then appeared at times unwell, but was deemed quite capable of his duty. It is supposed that he must have suffered in the brain, though he did not think so. His record of service has been without a fault, and the poor old man is much pitied, having been committed, on the verdict of the Coroner's jury, to take his trial for manslaughter by negligence.

Some views of the scene of this disaster, and the wreck of the train, were taken by Mr. A. G. Petherick, photographer, of Taunton, and by Mr. Edward Corner, photographer, of Wellington, who have furnished them in aid of our Illustrations.

NEW CALEDONIA.

In an official report upon the condition of this colony the Governor states that agriculture, which has hitherto been of only secondary importance, seems to be entering upon a period of rapid development under the influence of the fresh means of action afforded it by the immigration from the New Hebrides, and New Caledonia will produce this year 400 tons of coffee, while it is expected that in four years' time the production will exceed 1000 tons. The cultivation of the sugarcane and of wheat is also making great progress, and it is anticipated that in two or three years' time New Caledonia will grow enough wheat to be self-supporting, whereas at the present time there is a good deal of speculation in the price of flour, which went up £4 a ton a short time ago in consequence of the Australian strikes, the effect of these latter having been very severely felt in the French colony. The Governor reports that what New Caledonia is most deficient in is labour, but he adds that the work done by the convicts, especially at the Thio penitentiary, is much more satisfactory than that of the convicts of Guiana, while the men who have served their time and who choose to work can always find employment at wages of from 4s. to 5s. a day, while at piecework they in many cases earn 10s. a day.

The Earl and Countess of Portarlington received over 1000 guests on Nov. 14 in the winter garden of the Mont Doré Hotel at Bournemouth, to celebrate the incorporation of the town as a municipal borough.

During the week ending Nov. 15 fourteen steamers landed live stock and fresh meat at Liverpool from American and Canadian ports, bringing a supply of 5064 cattle, 609 sheep, and 21,887 quarters of beef.

"General" Booth announced to a meeting in Westminster on Nov. 18 that he had received an offer of a million acres of land in a beautiful country with a genial climate. The promises to his fund now amounted to over £43,000.

The Comte de Paris opened the show of the Buckingham Chrysanthemum Society in the Townhall on Nov. 18, in the presence of a large assemblage of the nobility and gentry of that district. His Royal Highness was accompanied by the Comtesse de Paris, Princesse Hélène, and others.

Prizes to the amount of £2500 were competed for on the occasion of the twenty-second annual poultry, pigeon, and rabbit show at the Crystal Palace. The exhibits numbered nearly 7000, divided into 641 classes, in each of which were several money prizes.

In St. Mark's Church, North Audley-street, on Nov. 18, was solemnised the marriage of Mr. Thursby-Pelham, of Cound Hall, Shropshire, with Miss Alice Farquhar, youngest daughter of Admiral Sir Arthur and Lady Farquhar. Mr. Ilver De Montmorency attended the bridegroom as best man, and the bride was followed to the altar by three pages (her nephews) and two children bridesmaids. The Duke of Clarence and Avondale presented the bride with a diamond bangle.

The second entertainment of the present season at Brompton Hospital consisted of an interesting exhibition of dissolving views, kindly given by Messrs. Carpenter and Westley, of 24, Regent-street. The exhibition, which gave immense pleasure to the patients, consisted of views of places of interest at home and abroad, and included a "A Child's Dream of the Zoo," a humorous subject treated by Mr. W. Manning. "Artificial Fireworks" concluded this very enjoyable evening. Mr. Willmott Renshaw most ably presided at the pianoforte.

Presiding, on Nov. 18, over an influential meeting at Devonport, the Duke of Edinburgh asked the co-operation of his audience in starting a fund for the relief of the families of the crew of her Majesty's ship Serpent, and himself heading the list with a donation of £100, announced contributions from the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duchess of Edinburgh, and a number of private sympathisers. A resolution was approved authorising the distribution of the fund through the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association. It was further decided to make a national appeal for subscriptions.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The Shaftesbury Theatre seems to be in luck this time. Mr. Malcolm Watson and Mrs. Lancaster-Wallis have put their clever heads together, and the result is a simple, well-written, and extremely interesting play. "The Pharisee" is sufficiently fresh and unconventional to suit the new-fangled folk who are always demanding that plays shall be written on some novel and ungrammatical principle best known to themselves; and still the new play is so much in form that it will not aggravate such as cannot bear badly carpentered dramas. The story is simplicity itself, and this is all in its favour. An estimable married lady, with a good husband, a sweet child, and a raffish father, has had a past. She owned a lover before she won her lord. But sinful as she has been, Mrs. Landon is not a dishonourable woman. She deputed her father to tell the miserable story of her life to her husband before she married him; but the father, having no honourable scruples, fails to do his daughter's very disagreeable behest. So of course, who shall turn up but the lover, Lord Helmore, who also is the soul of honour. He is anxious concerning the whereabouts of his discarded mistress, and, being a dying man, intrusts a legacy and some papers to his old friend Landon. Of course, the missing mistress is none other than Landon's wife. In that sealed packet is the secret, that, if divulged, will ruin two lives and separate husband and wife. There is nothing like a sealed packet to create dramatic interest. Sardou loves it; so does Scribe; and so does Ibsen. A bit of paper made the success of "Les Pattes de Mouches"; a document made the fortune of "Dora" ("Diplomacy"); a letter in the post-box was the one thrill in Ibsen's "Doll's House." And in the new play a capital secret is got into a tempting packet. The audience loves this kind of excitement. It is like the children's game of "Hot boiled beans and very good butter—ladies and gentlemen come to supper." No one knows when the packet will be opened or what will come of it. It is locked up in a desk; it comes out again; the husband is on the point of breaking the seal, when his wife implores a moment's grace, a night's respite. First we are "hot," then we are "cold" again, and the game of surprise is intensely interesting. Unfortunately, our authors give in far too soon. They leave off the game just when it is beginning to get most exciting, for Lord Helmore returns, claims the packet, and goes away to die. It is a story without an end. Nobody opens the packet, and, having been saved by merciful Providence from a disaster, Mrs. Landon would be a very sensible woman if she held her tongue and kept inviolate the secret of her past. She has nothing to gain by divulging her past; everything to lose. She will break her good husband's heart if she tell him she was once the mistress of his friend; she will ruin herself in the eyes of her child, who must know the story some day. But Mrs. Landon is apparently not only impulsive, but hysterical, and out comes the secret for "conscience' sake." Had the packet been opened, the catastrophe would have been natural; as it stands, it is improbable. How much better when everyone thought the packet was destroyed to bring it back again in the last act and have it opened with the inevitable situation! If that had been done, there would be sympathy with the wife. She would have done her utmost to prevent sorrow, though Fate was against her. As matters stand, she is unfortunately a fool, and no one can have much sympathy for those who do very foolish things. The end of the play is the end that most people suggested for the close of Ibsen's "Doll's House." Mr. Landon does not go out and bang the door, nor does Mrs. Landon. But the child is called in, and gives, from her father, a kiss of reconciliation to the sorrowful mother. Even yet some attempt might be made to change the situation in the last act from confession to discovery. It is a pity that a sweet woman like Mrs. Landon should be so extremely foolish. Consistent from the first, she breaks down for no purpose and becomes unreasonable.

On the whole, the new play is very well acted with intense earnestness and genuine feeling by Mrs. Lancaster-Wallis; with dignity by Mr. Herbert Waring, the husband; and with requisite depression by Mr. Waller, the sick lover. Nicely balanced with the serious scenes are several comic interludes merrily taken by Mr. Marius, the scampish old father, Miss Sophie Larkin, the inevitable old maid, and a pair of boy and girl lovers brightly played by Mr. Harry Esmond and Miss Marion Lea. Mr. Beauchamp also gives his valuable assistance as a confidential solicitor. Plays on these strong social subjects are very popular just now, and there would appear to be no reason why "The Pharisee" should not succeed. The hero, by the way, is not a Pharisee at all; but that does not matter. Married ladies whose lives are burdened with such a terrible secret as that of Mrs. Landon can scarcely call their husbands Pharisees when they are startled with such a skeleton in such a cupboard! Instead of flinging stones at Magdalens, it seems as if stage Magdalens had taken to fling mud at honourable and pure men. What on earth is there in the conduct of Geoffrey Landon to label him as a "Pharisee"? He restores to his heart a tainted wife, and this seems the sublimity of Christianity and Publicanism. We cannot see the trace of a broad phylactery on his honest brow.

Dear me! What a curious people we are! At one minute we are all up in the stirrups demanding more literature and less conventionality, execrating melodrama and calling aloud for brainwork; one day we are listening to the apostles of the Ibsen creed, the next we are deafened with the shouts of the upholders of Robert Louis Stevenson and W. E. Henley and Rudyard Kipling, and all the rest of the clever people; from the playhouse we are taken to the lecture-room to hear Mr. Henry Arthur Jones tell us how to be rightly amused at the play; while in the midst of all this dramatic revolution and babble of new schools and old schools we are taken off to the Princess's Theatre to see a play by one William Shakespeare, depoetised almost out of all recognition. Mrs. Langtry, as all the world knows, has taken the large theatre in Oxford-street to produce "Antony and Cleopatra" on a grand scale, and we can only say, with old Dominic Sampson, "Prodigious!" Charles Kean in this very theatre—or, rather, on the site of it—used to be chaffed some thirty years ago about

his swamping Shakespeare in show, and preferring stage archaeology to dramatic art. The obvious answer was—and it is really unanswerable from one point of view—you cannot do too much for Shakespeare. But the wildest imagination of Charles Kean could not have pictured a revival of "Antony and Cleopatra" on such a magnificent scale as the one recently carried to perfection by Mr. Lewis Wingfield. Not only Drury-Lane but the Empire and Alhambra Theatres must look to their laurels. To a penny-worth of the bard we have an intolerable deal of pomp, procession, ballet, chorus, tableau, and general glitter. Instead of assisting the action of the play, it overlays it. In time the attention is not stimulated, it becomes depressed. The mind slumbers and the eyes, weary with watching, gradually close. Every credit should certainly be given to Mr. Wingfield for the accuracy of his pictures, and also for their singular artistic beauty. If anyone wants an "object lesson" on old Egypt or old Rome, they cannot do better than repair at once to Oxford-street. Mr. Poynter himself could not have reproduced the period more truthfully. There will be no need for the present to learn Egyptian archaeology and costume in the cold cellars of the British Museum. It can be done more conveniently in the comfortable stalls of the Princess's Theatre.

Experience teaches us that there is always some hidden reason for all this gorgeous and costly display. Macready did not want it, nor did Samuel Phelps, and for a very good reason—because they put the acting of the play first and the decoration of it last. But Charles Kean wanted the show, and so did Drury-Lane Chatterton, and so did Calvert of Manchester,

unloosed his reserved force. He was of immense assistance to the play and to Mrs. Langtry, and played the character not only with power but with remarkable intelligence. And there was a whisper of the true spirit of Shakespeare when Mr. Arthur Stirling came on the stage as old Enobarbus and when Mr. F. Kemble Cooper spoke so well as Octavius Cæsar. Miss Ivor, too, as Octavia, and Miss McNeill as Charmian, both did well, and some of the minor actors delivered their lines admirably. By fits and starts we got a bit of Shakespeare, but it is as a spectacle that the Shakespearean panoply will succeed.—C. S.

MOLLENDO, PERU.

The seaport of Mollendo, a view of which is shown in the Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, is a little commercial town, with some exports of wool, hides, Peruvian bark, and minerals. It is the maritime terminus of an important railway line, 277 miles in length, crossing the mountainous country of Southern Peru, by way of Arequipa, seventy-five miles distant, to Puno, on Lake Titicaca, which lies far inland between Peru and Bolivia. But Dr. W. H. Russell, in his new book, "A Visit to Chile and the Nitrate Fields of Tarapaca," published by Messrs. J. S. Virtue and Co.—which we shall notice more fully—describes Mollendo as a desolate-looking place, containing but one or two good houses, with many huts and sheds. He did not land there, which can only be done by leaving the ship in a boat, tossing up and down among the breakers, to get within the shelter of a reef that protects the short jetty. The mining ventures in that neighbourhood have not been successful of late years.

It should be remembered that the southern portion of this coast, with the port of Arica, and with the whole province of Tarapaca, formerly belonging to Peru, was ceded to Chile in October 1883, after the war between those rival Republics; but it was stipulated that, at the expiration of ten years, the population should decide, by a free vote, which they prefer, and an indemnity of ten million dollars will be paid to the Republic that has to give up the territory in the final settlement. The coast region is arid and barren; the interior is rich in nitrates and metallic ores.

THE WORCESTERSHIRE JUBILEE STATUE.

The Worcestershire Queen's Jubilee Memorial was inaugurated on Nov. 6, in the city of Worcester, by a county committee of magistrates and others, the Lord Lieutenant, Earl Beauchamp, unveiling a marble statue of her Majesty by Mr. Brock, A.R.A., in front of the Shirehall. The statue is of white Carrara marble, and is rather larger than life size; it stands on a plinth, which rests on a massive pedestal, also of white marble. The block of Carrara marble out of which the figure of the Queen was wrought weighed seventeen tons when placed under the hands of the sculptor, who reduced the mass to nine tons. The highest point of the statue stands 23 ft. above the ground. The ceremony of unveiling the statue was a short one. A squadron of the Queen's Own Worcestershire Hussars escorted the Lord Lieutenant to the Shirehall, where he was received by a guard of honour. The Memorial Committee met his Lordship in front of the statue. The Dean of Worcester offered prayer, and the Old Hundredth Psalm was sung by the Cathedral choir, also the National Anthem. Earl Beauchamp, having unveiled the statue, formally confided it to the care of the High Sheriff of the county and the Chairman of the Worcestershire County Council. The High Sheriff and the Chairman of the Council responded, and the ceremony ended with a salute from the guns. The High Sheriff afterwards entertained a party at luncheon at the Guildhall.

Our Illustration is from one of the photographs taken by Messrs. T. Bennett and Sons, of Worcester, and presented to her Majesty, who has graciously accepted them.

The temporary difficulties of Messrs. Baring Brothers, which for a time were a cause of intense excitement in the City, have been completely arranged. A meeting of the representatives of the joint-stock banks and of others interested took place on Nov. 15, at the Bank of England, when the matter was finally concluded, the Bank of France lending the Bank of England for the purpose three millions in gold at 3 per cent. It is universally acknowledged that the Bank of England have earned the thanks of the whole community for the skill and promptitude with

which they have brought to a satisfactory conclusion a most difficult and complicated piece of business. The magnitude of the operations of the firm in question may be imagined from the fact that the liabilities are estimated at about £21,000,000, of which £15,000,000 are in the form of acceptances and £4,000,000 belonging to outside depositors. The *Times* believes that it is not far out when it says that, including a sum of £1,000,000, which is believed to be below the value of the private property of the members of the firm, and taking the assets, the estate shows a surplus of about £3,800,000.

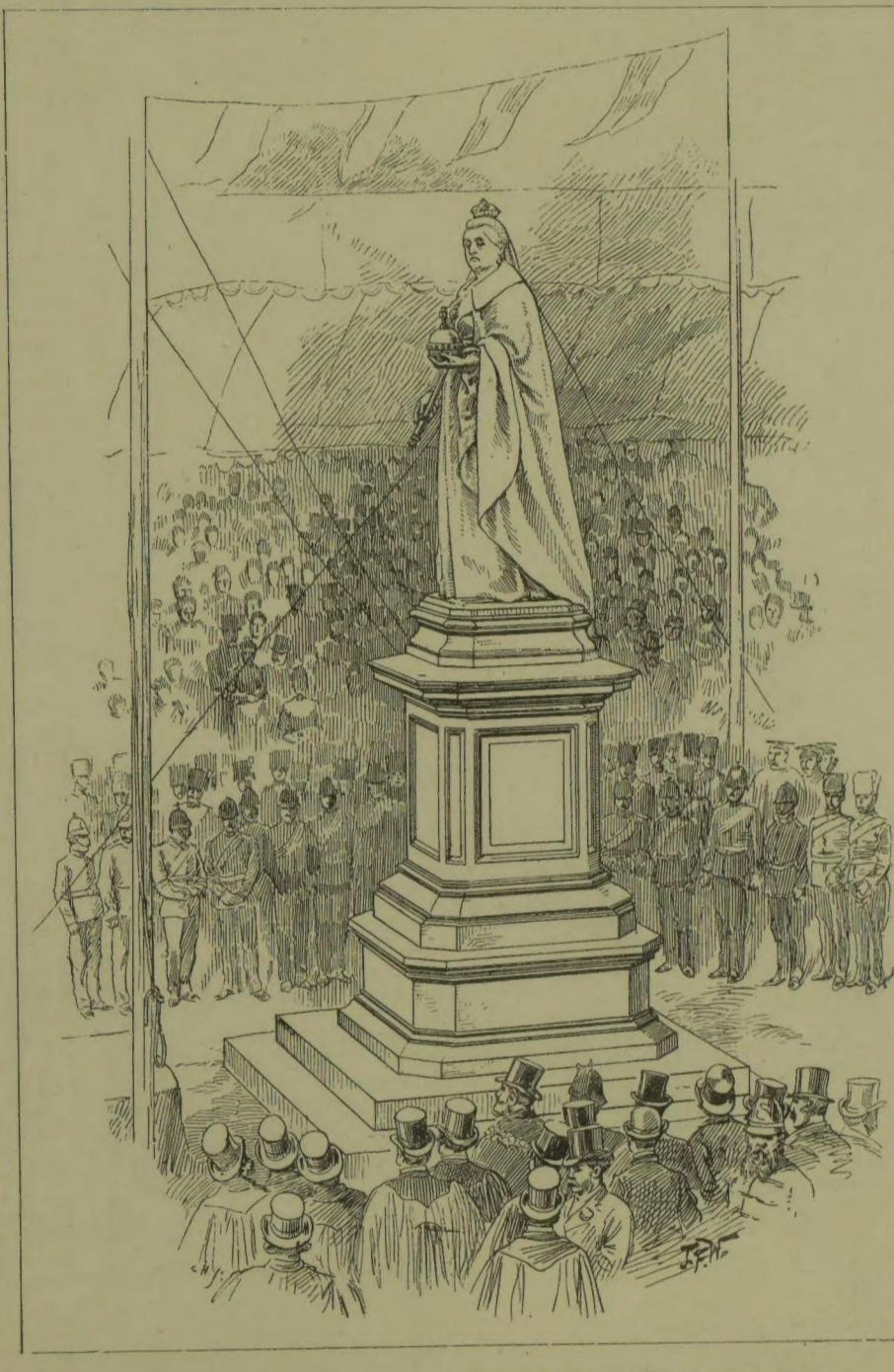
The Mercers' Company have given £210 towards the funds of the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution.

The London County Council, on Nov. 18, agreed to advance £100,000 to the London School Board, the loan to be repaid in fifty years.

The palanquin cab of the Emperor of Morocco, of which we gave an Engraving in our issue of Nov. 15, was constructed by Messrs. Thrupp and Maberly, of 425, Oxford-street.

Parliament will be opened by Royal Commission at 2 p.m. on Nov. 25. The House of Lords will afterwards meet at 4.15 p.m., when the Address will be moved by Lord Windsor and seconded by Lord Ardilaun.

We announce with deep regret the death of the Countess of Rosebery, which took place on Nov. 19 at Dalmeny House. Her Ladyship was seized with typhoid fever some weeks ago, but the malady ran a natural course, and hopes were entertained of her recovery. The Countess, however, had a relapse. Lady Rosebery was the only daughter and heiress of the late Baron Meyer de Rothschild, and was married to Lord Rosebery in March 1878. There are four children of the marriage, the last having been born in 1882.

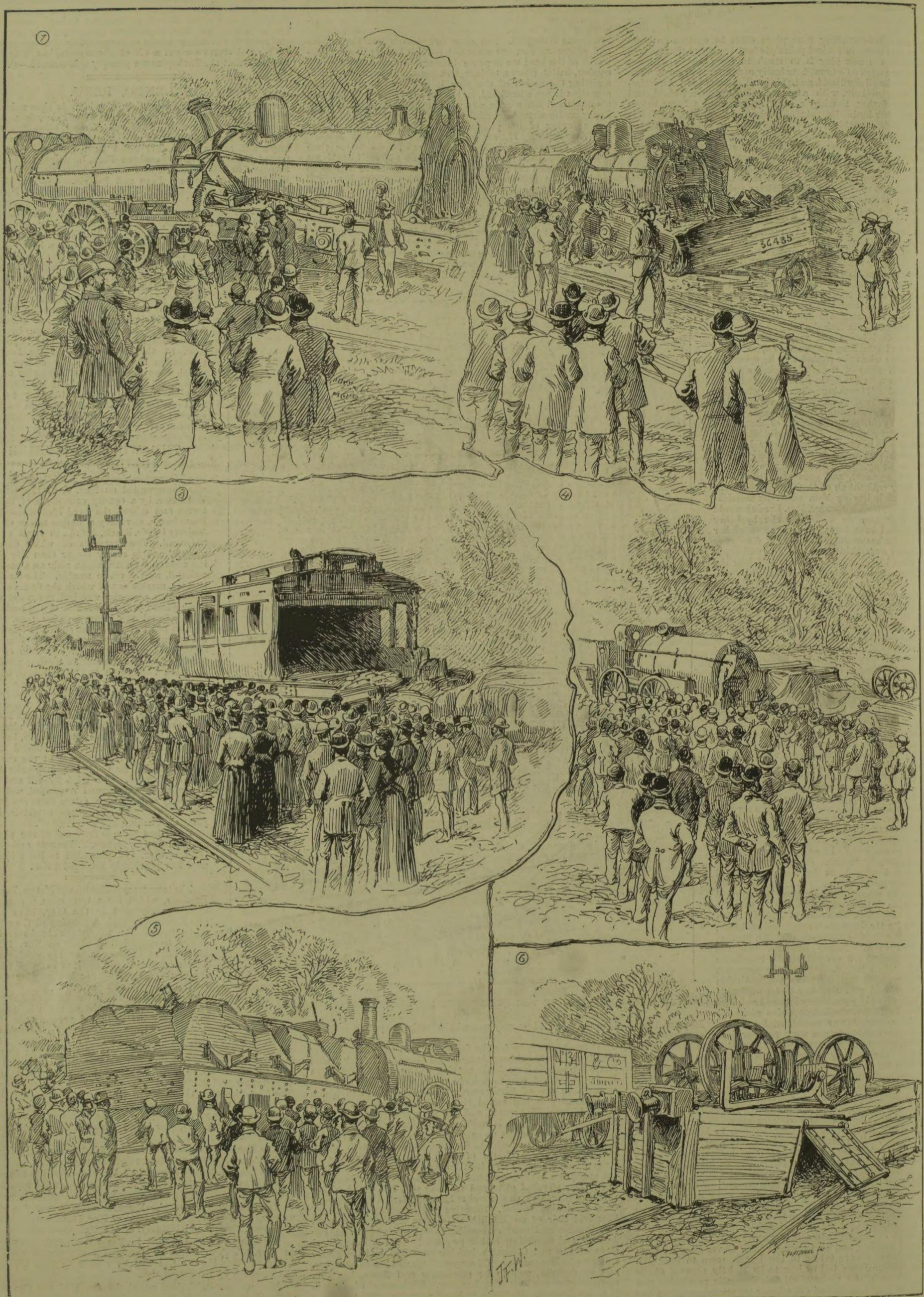


INAUGURATION OF THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE STATUE AT WORCESTER.

because they had no very remarkable acting to put in front of the pictures.

It must have been for the decoration and not for the play that Mrs. Langtry chose "Antony and Cleopatra." Her friend Sarah Bernhardt is no doubt playing the part of Cleopatra in Paris, but what can that have to do with it? There can scarcely be one of Shakespeare's female characters to which Mrs. Langtry is less suited than Cleopatra—that is to say, unless history, Shakespeare, and the poets are wrong and Mrs. Langtry right. There is nothing Egyptian or Eastern about Mrs. Langtry. She has no command, no queenly presence, no voice sufficiently powerful to declaim, no passion with which to subjugate. The charm of Mrs. Langtry's nature is in its gentleness, its softness, its alluring grace. She grew under the may-trees of England, not under the lotos-blooms of the Nile. Her physical gifts and training will not admit of her realising Cleopatra, so she makes her a mild-eyed saint instead of a passionate animal. Conceive a Cleopatra with eyes of blue and hair of an English nut-brown hue, and a gentle countenance and mild expression, beaming wistfully at her Antony, and trembling in his presence! This is the natural state of the new Cleopatra, looking beautiful, and posing for a picture by Bouguereau. Of course, Cleopatra has to be angry, and to declaim, and to be passionate and fierce, but this manner does not suit Mrs. Langtry. We know she is acting. It is not herself. However, it is all very beautiful; and, as the playgoers will not go to the Princess's to find Shakespeare, what does it all matter? Sarah Bernhardt is nothing like Cleopatra in Paris, and she succeeds. Why should not Mrs. Langtry, who is less like Cleopatra, succeed in London?

Mr. Coghlan, who has returned from America full of strength, surprised everyone with his Antony. The old Coghlan is unlocked again. The Atlantic Ocean has



1. Express and goods train engines locked together.

4. Express train engine after being pulled away from goods train, with a pair of wheels hurled into a truck on the adjoining siding.

2. Rear view of goods train engine, showing damaged machinery.

5. Tender of goods train engine being removed.

3. Remains of the second class carriage in which were found Mrs. Lewis and her four children uninjured.

6. Overturned truck of goods train.



DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET.

He kept those yellow orbs turned upon the garden, and then presently put up a hand and began stroking his small pointed beard.

"THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHœNICIAN."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHÖNICIAN.

RETOLED BY EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD.

CHAPTER XIX.

I slept all that night a deep unbroken slumber, waking with the first glimpse of morning, calm and refreshed, but very sleepily perplexed at my surroundings. It was only after long cogitations that the thread of my coming hither took form and shape. When at last I had examined myself in my antecedents, and reduced them to the melancholy present, I got up and looked from the window. A fair tract of country lay outside, deep-wooded and undulating, with pastoral meadows in between the hangers, and beyond, in the open, that streamlet whose prattle had been heard the night before lay spread into a broad rushy tarn overgrown with green weeds and water things, and then, running on through the flat soft meadows of this hollow where the house was built, wound into the far distance, where it joined something that shone in the low white light like the gleam of a broader river. It was not a cheerful morning, for it had rained much, and the chilly mist hung low and still about these sombre-wooded thickets, and the long grass between them; the sleepy rooks in the nests upon the bare treetops were later to wing than usual, cawing melancholy from the sodden boughs as though loth to leave them; and down below nothing sang or moved but the dark black merle fluttering along the covert side, and the mavis tuning a plaintive and uncertain note from off the wet firs.

When I had stared my full and learnt little from the outlook, I donned those clothes that I had borrowed, and they were a happy choice. They fitted me like a lady's glove, and, as I laced and hooked and belted them before a yellow mirror let into the black panel of my chamber door, I could not but feel they looked a goodly fashion for one of my make and build. I had not seemed so stalwart and so sleek, so straight in limb and broad in shoulder, since I was a Saxon thane. Then I belted on that pretty sword round my nicely tapering middle, and ran my fingers through my black Eastern locks, arranging them trimly inside my high-standing frill, and took another look or two into the glass, and then with a derisive smile—a little scornful at the secret pleasure those fine feathers gave me—I went forth.

Surely never did mortal mason build such a house before! The deepest, densest forest path that ever my hunter's foot had trodden was simple to those mazes of curly stairs and dim passages and wooden alleys that led by tedious ways to nothing, and creaking, rotten steps that beguiled the wanderer by sinuous repetitions from desolate wing to wing and flight to flight. And all the time that I wrestled with those labyrinthine mazes in the struggle to reach latitudes I knew, not a sign could I see of my host, not a whisper could I catch of human voice or familiar sound in that dusty, desolate wilderness. Such an impenetrable stagnation hung over that empty habitation that the crow of a distant cock or the yelp of a village cur would have been a blessed interruption, but neither broke the vault-like, solemn stillness. From room to room I went, opening countless doors at random, all leading into spacious, mouldy chambers, bare and tenantless, feeling my way by damp, neglected wall and dangerous broken floorings to endless cobwebbed windows, unbarring wooden casements and letting in the watery light that only made the inner desolation more ghostly conspicuous; but nothing human could I find, nor any prospect but that same one I had seen before of damp woodlands and marshy water-meadows out beyond.

Perhaps for half an hour had I adventured thus hopelessly, lost in the dusty bowels of that stupendous building; and then—just as I was near despairing of an exit and meditating a leap from a casement on to the stony terraces below—opening one final door, that might well have been but a household cupboard for the storing of linen and raiment, there, at my feet, was the great main staircase leading, by many a turn and staging, to the central hall below! I put, with the point of my sword, a cross upon the outside of that cupboard-door, so that I might know it again if need be, and then descended.

Had you seen me coming down those Tudor steps in that Tudor finery—my hand upon the hilt of my long steel rapier perked behind me, my great ruffle and my curled moustache, my strong soldier limbs squeezed into those sweet-fitting satin hose and sleeves, so stern and grim, so lonely and silent in the white glimmer of the morning shine that came from distant lattice and painted oriel—you well might have thought me scarcely flesh and blood—some old Tudor ancestor of that old Tudor hall stepped from a painter's canvas just as he was in life, and come with beatless feet to see what cheer his gross descendants made of it where he had once lived so noisy and so jolly.

Down the steps I came, and into the banquet-hall, empty and deserted like all else, and so sauntered to the table-head where I had supped the evening before. Not one trace of humankind had I seen since the night, and yet—that little thing quite startled me—the supper had been cleared away, another napkin spread, another plate, put out with fruit and bread, and a large beaker of good new milk stood by to flank them. I stared hard at that simple-seeming meal, and could not comprehend it. I was near sure the old man had not set it—yet, if he had, why was there but one plate, one place, one chair, one beaker? Was it meant for me or him? What fingers had pulled that fruit, or drawn that milk still warm from its source? I would wait, I thought, and strolled off to the windows, and down them all slowly in turn, then back again, to idly hum a favourite tune we had sung yesterday at Crecy. But still nothing came or stirred. Then I went into the hall and examined that trophy of weapons and tried them all, and then unbarred the great door and went out upon the terrace, there to dangle my satin legs over the balustrades during a long interval of gloomy speculation; but not a leaf was moving, not a sign or whisper could I see of that strange old fellow who had brought me hitherto, and now did his duty by his guest so quaintly.

At last I went back to the dining-place, and regarded that mysterious meal with fixed attention. "Now this," I thought, "is surely spread for me, and if it is not then it should be. The master of a house may get him food how and when he likes; but the guest's share is put ready to his hand. I have waited a long hour and more, the sun is high, surely that learned pedant could not mean to belie his courtesy by starving a stranger visitor! No, it were certainly affectation to wait longer: at the worst there must be more where these good things came from." And being hungry, and having thus appeased my conscience, I clapped my sword upon the table and fell to work, and in a short space had made a light though sufficient meal, and cleared everything eatable completely from the table.

I was the better for it, yet this strange solitude began to weigh upon me. But a few hours since—surely it was no more—I had been in a busy camp, bright with all the panoply of war, active, bustling; and here—why, the white tents seemed

creeping through me, it was so damp and melancholy; the tawny mildew of these walls seemed settling down upon my spirit. Jove! I felt, by comparison of what I had been and was, already touched with the clammy rotteness of this place, and slowly turning into a piece of crumbling lumber, such as lay about on every hand—a tarnished faded monument to a life that was bygone. Oh! I could not endure the house, and, taking my cap and sword, strolled down the garden, full of pensive thoughts, morose, uncaring, and so out into the woods beyond, and over hill and dale—a long walk that set the stagnant blood flowing in my sleepy veins, and did me tonic good.

Leaving the hall where so strange a night had been spent, I strode out strongly over hill and dale for mile after mile, without a thought of where the path might lead. I stalked on all day, and came back in the evening; yet the only thing worthy of note upon that round was a familiarity of scene, a certain feeling of old acquaintance with plain and valley which possessed me when I had gone to the farthest limit of the walk. At one hilltop I stopped and looked over a wide, gently swelling plain of verdure, with a grassy knoll or two in sight, and woods and new wheat-fields shining emerald in the April sunlight, while far away the long clouds were lying steady over the dim shine of a distant sea. I thought to myself, "Surely I have seen all this before. Yonder knoll, standing tall among the lesser ones—why does it appeal so to me? And that distant flash of water there among the misty woodlands a few miles to westward of it? Jove! I could, somehow, have sworn there had been a river there even before I saw the shine. Some sense within me knows each swell and hollow of this fair country here, and yet I know it not. They were not my Saxon glades that spread out beneath me, and the distant stream swept round no such steep as that castled mount wherefrom I had set out for Crecy." I could not justify that spark of vague remembrance, and long I sat and wondered how or when in a wide life I had seen that valley, but fruitlessly. Yet fancy did not err, though it was not for many days I knew it.

Then, after a time, I turned homeward. Homeward, was it? Well, it was as much thitherward as any way I knew, though, indeed, I marvelled as I went why my feet should turn so naturally back to that gloomy mansion peopled only by shadows and the smell of sad suggestions. Perhaps my mind just then was too inert to seek new roads, and accepted the easiest, after the manner of weak things, as the inevitable. Be this as it may, I went back that wet, misty afternoon, alone with my melancholy listlessness through the damp dripping woods and coppices, where the dead ferns looked red as blood in the evening glow. I was so heedless I lost my way once or twice, and, when at length the dead front of the old house glimmered out of the mist ahead, the early night was setting in, and that lank, dejected garden, those ruined terraces, and hundred staring, empty windows frowning down on the grave-green courtyard stones seemed more forsaken, more mournful-looking, even than it had the night before.

I found the front door ajar, exactly as it was left, and, groping about, presently discovered the tinder and steel. I made a light, and laughed a little bitterly to think how much indeed I was at home; then, in bravado and mockery, unsheathed my sword and went from room to room, in the gathering dusk, stalking sullen and watchful, with the gleam of light held above my head, down each clammy corridor and vault-like chamber; rapped with my hilt on casement and panels, and, listening to the gloomy echo that rumbled down that ghoulish palace, I pricked with my rapier-point each swelling, rotten curtain; I punctured every ghostly, swinging arras, and stabbed the black shadows in a score of dim recesses. But nothing I found until, in one of these, my sword-point struck something soft and yielding, and sank in. Jove! it startled me! 'Twas wondrous like a true, good stab through flesh and bone; and my fingers tightened upon the pommel, and I sent the blade home through that yielding, unseen "something," and a span deep into the rotten wall beyond; then looked to see what I had got. Faugh! 'twas but a woman's dress left on a rusty nail, a splendid raiment once—such as a noble girl might wear, and a princess give—padded and quilted wondrously, with yards of stitching down the front, wherefrom rude hands had torn gold filigree and pearl embroideries; and where the wearer's heart had beat those rough fingers had left a faded rose still tied there by a love-knot on a strand of amber silk—a lovely gown once on a time, no doubt, but now my sword had run it through and through from back to bosom. Lord! how it smelt of dead rose, and must, and moth! I shook it angrily from my weapon, and left it there upon the rotten boards, and went on with my quest.

But neither high nor low, nor far nor near, was there to be found the smallest trace of my host or any living mortal. At last, weary and wet, and oppressed with those vast echoing solitudes, I went back to the great hall—past all the untouched litter I had made in the morning—and so to the banquet place. I walked up to the long black tables set solemn with double rows of empty chairs, and lit the lamp that stood at top. It burnt up brightly in a minute—and there beneath I saw the morning meal had been removed, the supper napkin neatly laid, and bread, wine, and cheese laid out afresh for one!

So unexpected was that neat array, so quaint, so out of keeping with the desolate mansion, that I laughed aloud, then paused, for down in the great vaulty interior of that house the echo took my laughter up, and the lone merriment sounded wicked and infernal in those soulless corridors. Well! there was supper; while I was tired and hungry I would not be balked of it though all hell were laughing outside. In the vast empty grate I made a merry fire with some old broken chairs, a jolly, roaring blaze that curled about the mighty iron dogs as though glad to warm the chilly hearth again, and went flaming and twisting up the spacious chimney in right gallant kind. Then I lifted the stopper of the wine-jar, and, finding it full of a good Rhenish vintage, set to work to mull it. I fetched a steel gorget from the trophy in the hall, poured the liquor therein, and put it by the blaze to warm. And to make the drink the more complete I spit an apple on my rapier-point and toasted the pipkin by the embers, thus making a wassail bowl of most superior sort.

I ate, and drank, and supped very pleasantly that evening, while the strong wind whistled among the chimney-stacks and rattled with unearthly persistence upon the casements, or opened and shut, now soft, now fiercely, a score of creaking distant doors. The spluttering rain came down upon the fire by which I sat in my quaint finery, warming my Tudor legs by that Tudor blaze; the tall spectral things of the garden beyond the curtainless windows nodded and bent before the storm; loose strands of ivy beat gently upon the panes like the wet long fingers of ghostly vagrants imploring admission; the water fell with measured beat upon the empty courtyard stones from broken gargoyle and spout, like the fall of gently patterning feet, and the strangest sobbing noises came from the hollow wainscoting of that strange old dwelling-place. But do you think I feared?—I, who had lived so long and known so much—I, who four times had seen the substantial world dissolve into nothing, and had

awoke to find a new earth, born from the dusty ashes of the past—I, who had stocked four times the void air with all I loved—I, for whom the shadowy fields of the unknown were so thickly habited—I, to whom the teeming material world again was so unpeopled, so visionary, and desolate? I mocked the wild gossip of the storm, and grimly wove the infernal whispers of that place into the thread of my fancies.

Hour by hour I sat and thought—thought of all the rosy pictures of the past, of all the bright beams of love I had seen shine for me in maiden eyes, all the wild glitter and delight of twenty fiery combats, all the joy and success, all the sorrow and pleasure, of my wondrous life; and thus thought and thought until I wore out even the storm, that went sighing away over the distant woodlands, and the fire, that died down to a handful of white ashes, and the wine-pot, that ran dry and empty with the last flames in the grate; and then I took my sword and the taper, and, leaving the care of to-morrow to the coming sunrise, went up the solemn staircase and threw myself upon the first dim couch in the first black chamber that I met with.

I threw myself upon a bed dressed as I was, but could not sleep as soon as wished. Instead, a heavy drowsiness possessed me, and now I would dream for a minute or two, and then start up and listen as some distant door was opened, or to the quaint gusts that roamed about those corridors and seemed now and then to hold whispered conclave outside my door. It was like a child, I knew, to be so restless; but yet he who lives near to the unknown grows by nature watchful. It did not seem possible I had fathomed all the mystery there was in that gloomy mansion, and so I dozed, and waked, and wondered, waiting in spite of myself for something more, all in the deep shadow of my rotten bed-hangings; now speculating upon my host, and why he tenanted such a life-forsaken cavern, and ate and drank from ancient crockery, and had store of mouldy finery and rusty weapons; and then idly guessing who had last slept on this creaking, sombre bed, and why the pillows smelt so much of mouldiness and mildew; or again listening to the wail of the expiring wind among the chimneys overhead, and the dismal sodden drip of water falling somewhere. Perhaps I had amused myself like that an hour, and it was as near as might be midnight: the low, white moon was just a-glimpse over the sighing treetops in the wilderness outside. I had been dozing lightly, when, on a sudden, my soldier ear distinctly caught a footfall in the passage without, and, starting up upon my elbow in the black shadow of the bed, I gripped the hilt of the sword that lay along under the pillows and held my breath, as slowly the door was opened wide, and before my astounded eyes a tall, dark figure entered!

It was all done so quietly that, beyond the first footfall and the soft click of the lifting latch, I do not think a sound broke the heavy stillness that, between two pauses of the wind, reigned throughout the empty house. Very gently that dusky shadow by my portal shut the door behind, and it might have been only the outer air that entered with him, or something in that presence itself, but a cold, damp breath of air pervaded all the room as the latch fell back.

I did not fear, and yet my heart set off a-thumping against my ribs, and my fingers tightened upon the fretted hilt of my Toledo blade, as that thing came slowly forward from the door, and, big and tall, and so far indistinct, stalked slowly to the bed-foot, touching the posts like one who, in an uncertain light, reassures him by the feel of well-known landmarks, and so went round towards the latticed window. I did not stir, but held my breath and stared hard at that black form, that, all unconscious of my presence, slowly sauntered to the light and took form and shape. In a minute it was by the lattice, and, to my stern, wondering awe, there, in the pale-white moonshine, looking down into the desolate garden beyond with melancholy steadfastness, was the figure of a tall black Spanish gallant. In that white radiance, against the ebony setting of the room, he was limned with extraordinary clearness. Indeed, he was a great silver column now of stencilled brightness against the black void beyond, and I could see every point and detail in his dress and features as though it were broad daylight. He was—or must I say, he had been?—a tall, slim man, long-jointed and spare after the manner of his nation, and to-night he wore something like the fashion of the time—black hose and shoes, a black-seeming waistcoat, a loose outdoor hood above it, a slouch cap, a white ruff, and a broad black-leather belt with a dagger dangling from it. So much was ordinary about him, but—Jove!—his face in that uncertain twilight was frightful! It was cadaverous beyond expression, and tawny and mean, and all the shadows on it were black and strong; and out of that dreary parchment mask, making its lifelessness the more deadly by their glitter, shone two restless, sunken eyes. He kept those yellow orbs turned upon the garden, and then presently put up a hand and began stroking his small pointed beard, still seeming lost in thought, and next, stretching out a finger—and, Hoth! what a wicked-looking talon it did seem!—the shape began drawing signs upon the mistiness of the diamond panes. At the same time he began to mutter, and there was something quaintly gruesome about those disconnected syllables in the midnight stillness; yet, though I leant forward and peered and listened, nothing could I learn of what he wrote or said. He fascinated me. I forgot to speak or act, and could only regard with dumb wonder that outlined figure in the moonlight and the long-dead face so dreadfully ashine with life. So bewitched was I that, had that vision turned and spoken, I should have made the best shift to answer that were possible; there was some tie, I felt, between him and me more than showed upon the surface of this chance meeting of ours—something which even as I write I feel is not yet quite explained, though I and that shadow now know each other well. But, instead of speaking, that presence, man or spirit, from the outer spaces, leit off his scratching on the window, and, with a shrug of his Spanish shoulders and a malediction in guttural Bisque, turned from the window-cell and walked across the room. As he did so I noticed—what had been invisible before—in his left hand a canvas bag, and, by the shape and weight of it, that bag seemed full of money. I watched him as he stalked across the room, watched him disappear into the shadow, and then listened, with every sense alert, to the click of the latch and the creak of the door as he left my chamber by the opposite side to that whereat he entered.

As those faint, ghostly footsteps died away slowly down the corridor, my native sense came back, and, in a trice, I was on foot, dressed as I had lain me down, and, snatching my sword and cloak in a fever of expectation, I ran over to the window and looked upon the writing. It was figures—figures and sums in ancient Moorish Aralesque; and the long sharp nail-marks of that hideous midnight mathematician were still pencilled clearly on the moonlit dew.

My blood was now coursing finely in my veins, and, hot and eager to see some more of this grim stranger, I strode across the room and stepped out into the passage. At first it seemed that he had gone completely, for all was so still and silent; but the white light outside was throwing squares of silver brightness from many narrow windows on the dusty floor—and there he was, in a moment, crossing the farthest patch, tall and silvery in that radiance, with his long, slim

black legs, his great ruffle, and flapping cloak—looking most wicked. I went forward, making as little noise as might be, and seeing my ghostly friend every now and then, until, when we had traversed perhaps half that deserted mansion, I lost him where three ways divided, and went plunging and tripping forward, striving to be as silent as I could—though why I know not—and making instead at every false step a noise that should have startled even ghostly ears. But I was now well off the trail, and nothing showed or answered. It was black as hell in the shadows, and white as day where the moonbeams slanted in from the oriels, and through this chilly chequer I went, feeling on by damp old walls and worm-eaten wainscoting; slipping down crumbling stairs that were as rotten as the banisters which went to dust beneath my touch; opening sullen oaken doors and peering down the dreary wastes within; listening, prying, wondering—but nowhere could I find that shadowy form again.

I followed the chase for many minutes, far into a lonely desert wing of the old house, then paused irresolute. What was I to do? I had my cloak upon one hand, and my naked rapier was in the other; but no light, or any means of making one. The vision had gone, and I found, now that the chase had ended, and my blood began to tread a sober measure, it was dank, chilly, and dismal in these black draughty corridors. Worse still, I had lost all count and reckoning of where my bed had been, and, though that were small matter in such a house, yet somehow I felt it were well to reach the vantage-ground of more familiar places wherein to wait the morning. So, as nearly as was possible, I groped back upon my footsteps by tedious ways and empty chambers, low in heart and angry; now stopping to listen to the fitful moaning of the wind or the patterning rain-spots on the glass, or some distant panels creaking in distant chambers; half thinking that, after all, I had been a fool, and cozened by some sleepy fancy. And so I went back, dejected and dispirited, until presently I came to a gloomy arch in a long corridor, tapestried across with heavy hangings. Unthinkingly I lifted them, and there—there, as the curtains parted—thirty paces off, a bright moonlit doorway gently opened, and into the light stepped that same black-browed foreigner again!

I did what any other would have done, though it was not valiant—stepped back against the niche and drew the tapestry folds about me, and so hidden waited. Down he sauntered leisurely straight for my hiding-place, and as he came there was full time to note every wrinkle and furrow on that sullen, ashy face! Hoth! he might have been a decent gentleman by daylight, but in the nightshone he looked more like a week-dead corpse than aught else, and, with eyes glued to those twinkling eyes of his, and bated breath and irresolute fingers hard-set upon my pummel-hilt, I waited. He came on without a pause or sign to show he knew that he was watched, and, as he crossed the last patch of light, I saw the bag of gold was gone, and the hand that had carried it was wrapped in a bloody handkerchief. Another minute and we were not a yard apart. What good was valour there, I thought? What good were weapons or courage against the malignity of such an infernal shadow? I held back while he passed, and in a minute it was too late to stop him. Yet, I could follow! And, half ashamed of that moment's weakness, and with my courage budding up again, I started from my hiding-place, and, brandishing my rapier, my cloak curled on my other arm as though I went to meet some famous fencer, I ran after the Spaniard. And now he heard me, and, with one swift look over his shoulder and a startled guttural cry, set off down the passage. From light to light he flashed, and shadow to shadow, I hot after him, my courage rampant now again, and all the bitterness and disappointment of the last few days nerving my heart, until I felt I could exchange a thrust or two with the black arch-fiend himself. 'Twas a brief chase! At the bottom of the corridor stood a solid oak partition—I had him safe enough. I saw him come to that black barrier, and hesitate; whereon I shouted fiercely, and leapt forward, and in another minute I was there where he had been—and the corridor was empty, and the panelled partition was doorless and unmoved; and not a sound broke the stillness of that old house save my own angry cry, that the hollow echoes were bandying about from ghostly room to room, and corridor to empty corridor!

(To be continued.)

THE ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.
At a meeting of this institution, held on Nov. 13 at its house, John-street, Adelphi, its silver medal, accompanied by a copy of the vote inscribed on vellum, was voted to Mr. William M. Preston, treasurer of the Anglesey Branch and honorary secretary at the Penmon Life-Boat Station, in acknowledgement of his general gallant services in saving life from shipwreck and particularly for his brave conduct in volunteering to go out in the Penmon life-boat and helping to save the crew of five men of the schooner Undaunted, of Plymouth, which was flying a signal of distress and drifting on to the Laran Sands in a strong gale from the north-west and a rough sea, on Nov. 7. After taking off the sailors the life-boat was beating to windward, when she was caught by a heavy squall and capsized. Thanks to the self-righting property of the boat, however, all regained her and got ashore in safety, many of them being in a very exhausted condition. During this severe gale there were thirty life-boats launched, and they were the means of saving 114 lives in the course of forty-eight hours. Altogether, the institution has contributed during the present year to the saving of 624 lives from shipwrecks on our coast, in addition to helping to rescue twenty vessels from destruction. The silver medal and vellum were also awarded to Mr. E. C. Kerr, honorary secretary of the Ramsey Branch, Richard Garrett, coxswain of the Ramsey life-boat, Sidney Abbott, Robert Hodge, John Jones, W. Williams (quarryman), W. Williams (grocer), John Roberts, and Hugh Williams, in consideration of their gallantry in saving life from shipwrecks on our coasts. Other rewards were granted to the crews of shore-boats for saving life from wrecks on our shores. Payments amounting to £9300 were ordered to be made on the 300 life-boat establishments of the institution.

Among the contributions recently received were £700 from Lady Erle for the Swanage new life-boat, to be named the William Erle, in memory of her husband, the late Sir William Erle; £21, annual subscription, from John J. Mowbray, Esq.; £11 8s. 9d., collected in Hadnall Church, near Shrewsbury, on Sunday, Nov. 2, per the Rev. B. C. Mortimer; and £3 10s., offertory at Harvest Festival in West London School Chapel, Ashford, per the Rev. H. J. Flynn, D.D.

New life-boats were sent during October to Atherfield and Tramore. Reports having been read from the District Inspectors of Life-boats, in their recent visits to life-boat stations, the proceedings terminated.

The Kyrle Society sends us its usual appeal to the public for gifts of books to the stock from which the society makes donations of light or serious literature to workhouses and similar institutions. Applications for such donations are more numerous than ever this year. Let those who have holiday books, read and done with, send them to the hon. secs. of the Kyrle Society, at 44, Nottingham-place, W.

THE FLOODS AT TIENSIN, NORTH CHINA.

Tientsin is situated in the lowest depression of an immense alluvial plain, at the junction of the Grand Canal of China, from the south, and the river Peiho, with its affluents, from the north-west. It is eighty-three miles from Pekin, and thirty-three miles from the mouth of the Peiho and the Taku Forts. The vast plains of Northern China are often liable to floods of more or less severity. The province of Chih-li, in which Peking and Tientsin are situated, was visited in August last with a similar calamity, which probably counts its victims by millions, and the extent of the damage is measured by tens of thousands of square miles. Whole villages, containing hundreds of families, have been washed away. The survivors are now absolutely houseless, keeping body and soul together with what they can obtain from official or private charity, which can allow only about threepence a day to each family, or two meals of millet congee a day for each individual. In two months more the winter will be upon them, and in North China it is of extreme severity. A committee has been formed among the European community at Tientsin for the purpose of making an appeal for funds to the Europeans and wealthy Chinese in the ports of Southern China and of the Straits Settlements, to procure grain, fuel, and clothing for distribution during the winter months under foreign supervision. Subscriptions are being received by the branches and agencies of the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation: London office at 31, Lombard-street.

The Views of the inundation are from photographs taken in the neighbourhood of Tientsin.

Mr. Bernard Wake has contributed £6000 towards a new wing for the Sheffield Public Hospital.

Lord Acton has been elected to an Honorary Fellowship at All Souls' College, Oxford. He received the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law at the Encaenia, 1887.

A munificent offer to the University of Cambridge is reported. Mr. Frank McClean, of Tunbridge Wells, has intimated his desire to give £12,000 to found studentships in Astronomy and Light. Mr. McClean is an M.A. of Trinity College. He was twenty-seventh wrangler in 1859.

In the case in which a rule nisi had been obtained directing the Bishop of London to proceed with a representation under the Public Worship Act in regard to certain figures on the reredos of St. Paul's Cathedral, the two learned Judges—Mr. Justice Stephen and Mr. Justice Hawkins—were divided in opinion. The rule was accordingly discharged, without costs.

In recognition of services upon the recent Chin-Lushai Expedition, the Queen has given orders for the appointment of the following officers to be Companions of the Order of the Bath: Colonel W. P. Symons, Colonel V. W. Tregear, and Brigade-Surgeon E. C. Markey. The under-mentioned officers are appointed Companions of the Distinguished Service Order: Colonel R. Westmacott, Colonel G. J. Skinner, Surgeon-Major W. Reed Murphy, Captain A. G. F. Browne, Surgeon F. A. Rogers, Captain J. Shakespear, Lieutenant A. H. Morris, Lieutenant E. J. Lugard, and Gerald E. Holland.

Ready December 1.

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CONTAINING AN

ORIGINAL STORY BY CHRISTIE MURRAY AND HENRY HERMAN

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AN EXTRAVAGANZA BY RUDYARD KIPLING,

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| 3. WATER LILIES. | 6. IRIS. |

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MONEY BY TELEGRAPH.

The figures relative to telegraph money-orders given in the last annual report of the Post Office show without doubt that the scheme for sending money by telegraph, introduced last March, is a useful as well as an interesting addition to post-office business. Telegraph money-orders have long been spoken of, and twenty years ago, when the Government acquired the electric wires of the country, and introduced a uniform shilling rate, it was thought they might soon follow. But although Mr. Scudmore supported the idea, such a plan was at that time deemed impracticable. There seemed to be a greater prospect of a system of the kind being devised in 1885, when the halfpenny word rate was introduced and the minimum charge for telegrams reduced to sixpence; and it is possible that had Mr. Fawcett been alive then he would have endeavoured to meet the wishes of the public in this respect. It was not until September last year that the authorities decided to introduce telegraph money-orders as a tentative measure, and the system was then applied experimentally to a few of the most important towns in the country. Between September 2, 1889, and February 28, 1890, orders of the value of £8674 were issued, and such satisfactory results were no doubt the means of inducing the Postmaster-General to extend the system to every head and branch post-office in the United Kingdom, as was done on March 1 last.

The limits for telegraphic money-orders are precisely the same as in the ordinary money-order system, and the charges for commission are exactly double the ordinary rates, in addition to which there is the cost of telegraphing, which is charged for at the minimum rate of 9d. It will be seen, therefore, that to send money by telegraph is as yet a somewhat costly proceeding, for the lowest charge is 1s. 1d., and that sum only enables £1 to be sent, and is independent of the cost of the telegram, which, in most cases, the remitter will find it necessary to send to the payee. Government departments, however, are obliged to proceed with caution in introducing new schemes, and, as money-order business generally has not of late years been very flourishing, the postal authorities are no doubt wise to be on the safe side. But extended experience of the new business will perhaps, it may be hoped, lead to the possibility of a reduction of charges for telegraphic money-orders.

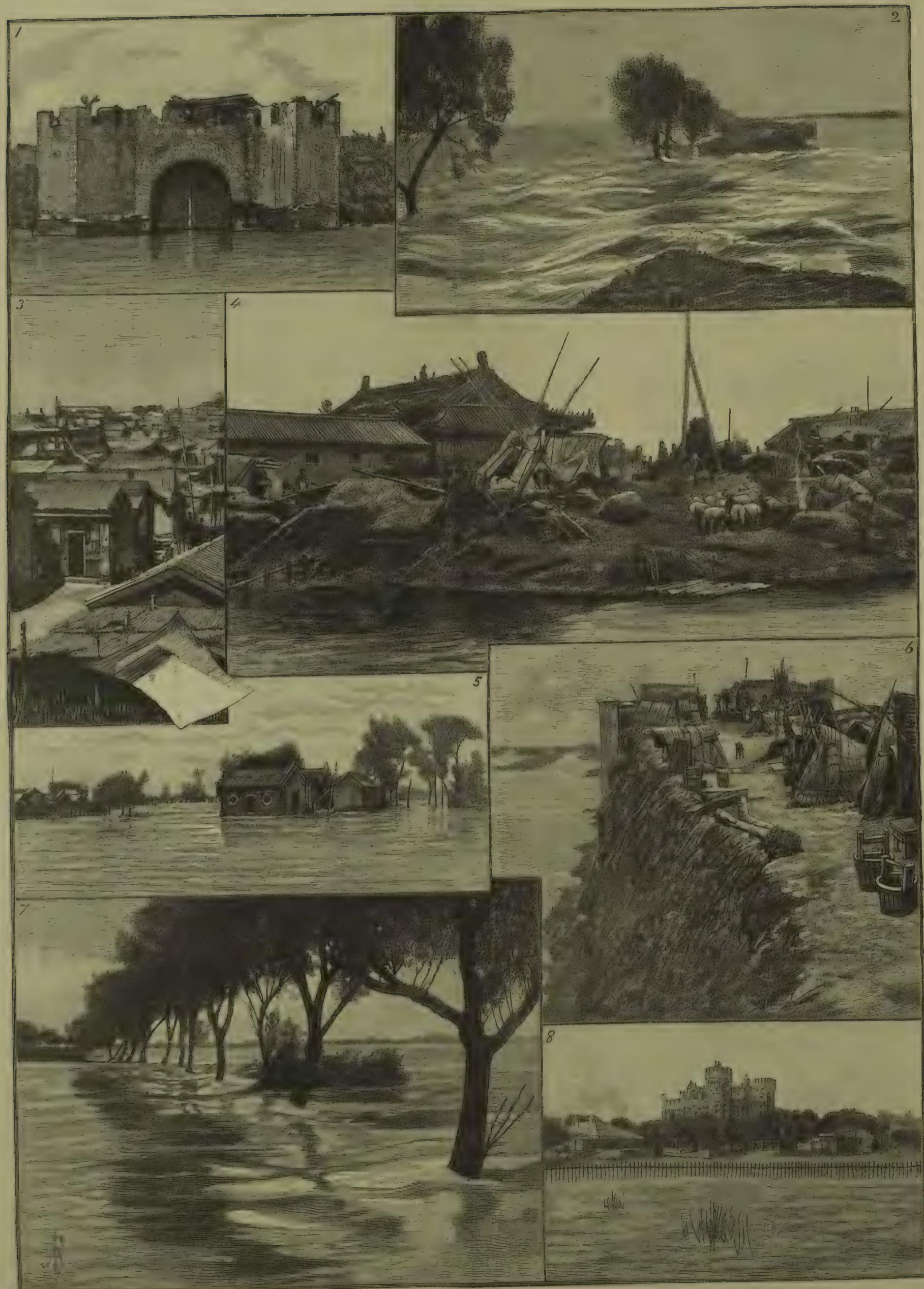
The general regulations and routine of the new business differ but little from those of the ordinary inland money-order system. In applying for a telegraph money-order, the remitter has to fill up the ordinary requisition form; but he must write across the form the words "By telegraph." The clerk will then make out the money-order in the ordinary way; but in addition to the ordinary advice he will prepare one to be sent by telegraph, the ordinary advice being sent on by post; and to the applicant he hands a receipt for the amount of the order. The person to whom the money is to be paid must attend at the post-office himself, or send on his behalf someone who will have to furnish satisfactory evidence that he is entitled to receive the money. It may sometimes happen that repayment of the order is required, in which case application has to be made to the chief office in London, Edinburgh, or Dublin, as the case may be, and the official receipt must be forwarded therewith, when a new order will be issued to the applicant. It may be well to add that the department will not accept registered abbreviated addresses in connection with telegraphic money-orders.

The system, it will be seen, is extremely simple, and the wonder, it must be confessed, is that so appreciable a concession has thus long been deferred. It is understood, however, that the authorities have hitherto held back in consequence of two obstacles which they did not see their way to readily overcome. One of these was the means of providing funds to meet the sudden demands which telegraph money-orders might at any time involve at small post-offices. This difficulty has been met by applying the system at present to offices where, as a rule, the cash balance would be sufficient to cover unexpected demands of this kind; and when, in course of time, it may be found expedient in the interests of the public to extend the system to smaller post-offices, it may be possible to devise such arrangement in connection with local bankers as will further obviate this difficulty. The other obstacle was the matter of identity, a question that has not proved very difficult to solve, as there are always certain precautions that can be taken to ascertain that the person applying for payment of a telegraph money-order is the person entitled to receive the money.

Systems for sending money by telegraph have for many years past been in operation, with considerable success, in foreign countries, notably in Germany, where in postal matters generally there is considerable advancement. In that country, I believe, a money-order for as much as £20 can be sent by telegraph, and the tariff charged is the ordinary money-order commission plus the telegraphic charge, while a uniform portage of about tenpence is charged where the telegram has to be delivered beyond the telegraphic boundaries. In Germany, as also in other Continental countries, it is found practicable to pay the money in respect of all kinds of money-orders at the residences of the payee, which, of course, is a matter of much saving of trouble and inconvenience to the persons concerned, while it also affords a greater security to the Post Office against the risk of paying money to the wrong person. As regards telegraph money-orders, however, a small charge is made to defray the cost of the messenger. In Germany the amounts are, it is understood, repeated in words and figures, and the original telegraph message goes from post-office to post-office, the figures being repeated back in the telegram, a course followed in the telegraphic money-order system here. The ordinary advice of the order is sent, as is done here, by post, crossed out. There are no other special precautions observed in the German system, and if an error by wire occurs, leading to over-payment, the telegraphist who made the blunder has to bear the responsibility of the loss. Telegraphic money-order systems are also in successful operation in France (where the highest limit is £200), Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, and other European countries. Likewise, in the United States of America, Victoria, New Zealand, Queensland, South Australia, and New South Wales, the sending of money by telegraph for amounts up to £10 has been in successful operation for many years past.

The success that has attended those various systems shows without doubt that they are of appreciable benefit to the general population. To the tourist far away from home, to the commercial traveller and many others, it must often be of the greatest service to be able in an emergency to be put at once in the possession of funds. One can best judge of the extent of the advantage to the community here by the fact that, in the first week of the general extension of the system, 578 orders, amounting to £1968, were issued; while in the first month 1769 orders, amounting to £6262, were issued, being at the rate of 21,423 orders, amounting to £75,144 in the year. In the face of such figures, it can hardly be said that the scheme for sending money by telegraph is the least among recent post-office reforms.

A. G. B.



1. Gate of the Defence Wall, Tientsin;
2. Breach in the Yun-ting River bank.
3. Suburbs of the City of Tientsin.

4. Flooded-out Peasantry near Tientsin.
5. Flooded country near the Grand Canal.
6. Huts of Refuge on the top of the Defence Wall.

7. Breach in the Yun-ting River bank.
8. Townhall and European Settlement
of Tientsin during the Floods.



AN INDIAN CLAIMANT



THE STEWARD.



AN INDIAN CLAIMANT



A ZANZIBAR FIREMAN, WITH MONKEY.



A SINGAPORE SAILOR.



A SEPOY.

THE STRANGERS' HOME FOR ASIATICS.

One of the most useful and interesting benevolent institutions at the East-End of London is the "Strangers' Home for Asiatics, Africans, and South Sea Islanders," situated in the West India Dock-road, Limehouse. Many of our readers probably remember that, some twenty or thirty years ago, indeed long before that date, much was said of the miserably unprotected condition of the "Lascars," or seamen belonging to different races of Asia, brought to the Port of London in the crews of merchant vessels and of steam-ships, and cast ashore to await fresh employment. Their average yearly number was reckoned at two or three thousand. In general, they were utter strangers, who could not speak English or any European language; and, having been paid the wages due to them when discharged, they fell a prey to vile "crimps," Jews, Arabs, Chinese, or others, whose frauds and extortions quickly stripped them of all their money, leaving them in helpless destitution. Gambling and other vices, to which they were tempted, were the ruin of hundreds. Some became notable street beggars, others took to thieving, or were tricked into helping to pass forged coin, or to introduce parcels of smuggled tea and tobacco and other contraband trade. A few, of superior talents, were engaged as assistants in conjuring exhibitions or circus performances, and might be met with all over England. Many soon yielded to debauchery and intoxication, and perished of disease, cold, or hunger, while some were stabbed in frantic brawls; others languished in the opium dens and other haunts of vice formerly existing in the localities then called Ratcliffe-highway and Bluegate-fields. It was a great scandal to London, and a constant trouble to the police.

The state of affairs in this respect, as in many other features of poor and low life in the Metropolis—despite all the outcry we now hear about the East-End—has immensely improved within our recollection. For the general protection and assistance of seamen in the merchant service, when ashore and when afloat, much has been effected by the enactment of stringent laws and the enforcement of official regulations. There are Sailors' Homes or boarding-houses, admirably managed, in London and all our great commercial ports; but it was perceived, so long ago as 1855, that special accommodation must be provided for the Lascars and other non-European seamen, whose manners and habits, their ignorance of our language, and strong prejudices of race and religion, made them unfit companions for English sailors living in London. With this view, encouraged at the outset by a donation of £500 from the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, the Home for Asiatics was established, and on May 31, 1856, the late Prince Consort laid the foundation-stone of the building, erected at a cost of £15,000, where a vast amount of good has been done, and many thousands of those poor "Strangers," including some who were not seafaring men, have been saved from distress and depravity, and enabled to go home.

The objects of the "Strangers' Home Society" are thus stated in the rules of its trust-deed. "To provide, at a moderate charge, a temporary home, or lodging and board, under adequate superintendence, for strangers in any part of the United Kingdom, being natives of any part of the continent or islands of Africa, including Madagascar; of any part of the continent or islands of Asia; of New Zealand; of any of the islands of the China Sea, or of the Indian Ocean, or of the North or South Pacific Ocean; and in other ways to offer protection and aid, with Christian instruction, to such natives occasionally resident in this country." It may be remarked that the Directors of the Institution have always carefully refrained from interfering with the religion of the foreigners, Mohammedans, Hindoos, Parsees, Buddhists, or heathen; but a Scripture-reader, Mr. Joseph Salter, previously of the London City Missionary Society, who had gained some knowledge of languages among the followers of several Indian Princes residing in London, was engaged to offer Christian instruction, and copies of parts of the Scriptures translated into various languages, to any who might choose to listen to his teaching. The Directors, in 1863, declined to withdraw this part of their arrangements, though a donation of £4000 was offered by a Bombay mercantile firm to induce them to do so. Handsome donations have been made, unconditionally, by several Parsees of Bombay, and by several Indian Native Princes. The executive management of the institution was for many years conducted by the late Lieutenant-Colonel R. M. Hughes, the Honorary Secretary, who was succeeded, above ten years ago, by Mr. J. H. Fergusson, of Surbiton, a gentleman of thirty years' experience in India, and all departments of the work are in a satisfactory condition. Mr. Fergusson has a valuable assistant in Mr. Johnson, who undertakes the business of finding ships that need crews in this port, and arranging for the foreign seamen in the Home, or seeking its aid, to be hired for a return voyage to their own country, or for other service afloat. Mr. Johnson, who comes from India, his family having resided on the Malabar coast seventy-five years, is thoroughly conversant with business of this kind.

We shall have more to say of the Strangers' Home for Asiatics in giving the remainder of our Artist's Sketches, only a portion of those in hand being presented this week. It will be observed that not every one of the figures portrayed is a native of Asia; there is an engine-stoker from Zanzibar, of a class well known as "Seedes," or "C.D.s," to distinguish them from the "A.B.s," or proper sailors, on board steam-ships of the P. and O. line in the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean. The two grave personages noted as "Indian Claimants" are not seafaring men, but have travelled from India to England on purpose to see the Queen, their Empress, or her principal Ministers of State, to demand redress or compensation for some private grievance they have against the Indian Government. Such unfortunate suitors are too apt to waste all their money in the expenses of the journey, and of living in London, and to fall into poverty. We remember one who had travelled on foot all the way through Afghanistan, Persia, Turkey, and Austria, to Vienna, where somebody paid his passage from Trieste to London. His complaint was that, having been a servant appointed for life, as he considered, in the Court of a Rajah whose sovereignty was suppressed, under Lord Dalhousie's Government, by the East India Company, the British Government put a stop to his wages. As he could get nothing at the India House in Leadenhall-street, he used to stand there outside the doors all day, vainly haranguing the people who passed by, until he heard that the Queen was going in person to open Parliament. Then he stood in the street at Westminster to deliver his petition to her Majesty, but was not permitted to approach the Royal carriage. Hereupon the poor Indian drew out his knife and attempted to cut his own throat in sight of the Queen. Happily, the wound was not mortal, and from the hospital, when cured, he was sent to the Strangers' Home for Asiatics, and some charitable persons sent him home to India. We do not know whether his claim was legal and reasonable; but we suppose there never was any Government in the world that had not some claimants or complainants who sincerely thought themselves the victims of official injustice.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

SERGEANT F. EYREOTT (Aldershot).—In No. 1, if Black play R to B 3rd, what is mate given next move? In No. 2, if Black play L 1' to Q 3rd, how can White reply with R to K B 6th?

E. B. SCHWANN (Bromsgrove).—We are afraid we have passed over your problem, as it is not retained on our file. Do you really think it good enough for us to look at again?

P. G. L. F.—The problem shall appear if you will favour us with your name and address.

CARSLAKE W. WOOD.—Many thanks. Space, however, compels us to condense a little.

K. B. S. (Bengal).—If R to Q Kt sq, 2. P takes R, and Queen mates following move. If R to K Kt sq, 2. Kt to K Kt 6, and mates next move.

B. D. KNOX.—Published by Wyman and Sons, Great Queen-street, London, W.C. Price one shilling.

B. X. Z.—Very neat, but too simple. It is, moreover, afflicted with dual mates.

E. D.—Your problem is too hackneyed an idea.

* Dr. A. Schobloch is desirous of playing a game by correspondence.—Address, Falkenau-a-Eger, Bohemia.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2427 received from F. H. Cheeswright (New York) and A. S. (The Hague); of No. 2428 from H. Haughton (Bradford), B. M. Foster (Boston, U.S.A.), A. Wheeler, A. Bolus (Bruges); of No. 2429 from A. Wheeler, C. L. J. F. F. (Brussels), J. F. Moon, H. Haughton, A. Bolus, and W. R. Hamblin (Olyny); of No. 2430 from D. E. (Haverhill), A. Wheeler, T. H. Wilson (Grange-over-Sands); S. Parry, A. Gwinnett, H. B. Haughton, W. J. Dray, A. W. Hamilton Gell (Exeter), B. G. M. (Dublin), Rev. Winfield Cooper, W. Heitzman, W. H. Hayton, E. W. Brook, G. Esposto Law (Naples), O. Y. C. Coster, Terbessche, South Wimbledon Club, Miss Knipe, G. F. Burroughs, H. J. B., and F. Clark.

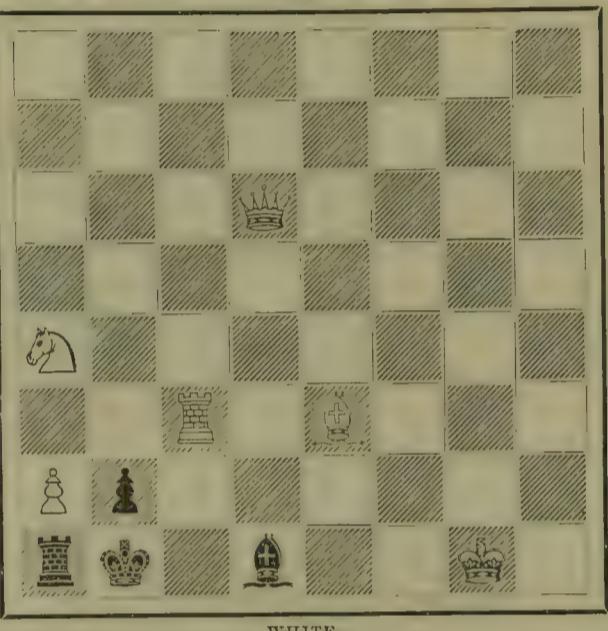
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2431 received from E. E. H., J. Hall, R. H. Brooks, H. B. Hurlford, Sorrento (Dawlish), J. D. Tucker (Leeds), A. Wheeler, Columbus, Fr. Fernando (Dublin), Martin F., Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), W. Wright, C. C. J. F. F. (Brussels), A. G. G. (London), A. Neumann, G. E. Perugini, A. N. Dryshaw, Dr. H. St. Alpha, H. S. B. (Bex Rhodians), Julia Short (Exeter), W. R. Railean, E. Louder, Hereward, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), Shadforth, T. G. Ware (Ware), Herbert Chown (Brighton), South Wimbledon Club, L. Desanges (Lausanne), P. C. (Shrewsbury), Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), B. D. Knox, W. R. B. (Plymouth), T. Roberts, D. McCay (Galway), Sobersides, J. Brow, M. Burke, and N. Harris.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2422. By H. E. KIDSON.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to Q sq Any move
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM NO. 2433. By A. BOLUS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN DUNDEE.

Game played between Messrs. FRASER and TURNBULL.

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	15. R to K sq	P takes Kt
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	16. P takes P	B to K 2nd
3. Q to K B 3rd	Q to R 5th (ch)	17. P to K R 4th	B takes Kt (ch)
		18. P takes B	P takes Kt
		19. B takes P	
4. K to K 2nd	P to Q 4th		
5. Kt takes P	B to Kt 5th (ch)	20. Q takes Q R P	Q takes P (ch)
6. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q 1st (ch)	21. R to K 2nd	B to Q Kt 5th
7. Q to K sq		22. P to Q B 3rd	B to Q B 4th
8. K to Q sq	Castles	23. K to Q 2nd	P to Q 5th
9. B takes Kt	P takes B	24. Q to K 4th	
10. P to Q 3rd	P to Kt 4th		
11. Q to Q B 3rd	B to Q 3rd	25. K to B sq	P takes P (ch)
12. Q takes R		26. K takes P	R to Q 7th (ch)
13. P to Q 4th	P to Q B 3rd	27. K to B sq	R takes R,
14. P to K 5th	P takes P		and White resigns.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

The following game was contested between the Chess Clubs of Hastings and Spennymoor. Another is in progress, but the score has not yet reached us.

(Steinitz Gambit.)

WHITE	BLACK	WHITE	BLACK
(Spennymoor).	(Hastings).	(Spennymoor).	(Hastings).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	13.	Kt to B 3rd
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	14. B to Q 2nd	B takes P
3. P to B 4th	P takes P	15. P takes B	R takes P
4. P to Q 4th	Q to R 5th (ch)	16. K to Q sq	K R to Q sq
5. K to K 2nd	P to Q 4th	17. Kt takes P	R takes B (ch)
6. P takes P	B to Kt 5th (ch)	18. R to B sq	R takes R'
7. Kt to B 3rd	Castles	19. R to K B sq	R to R 8th
	Zukertort's counter-gambit, giving a very strong attack for a piece.	20. Q to B 4th	Black threatened R takes R, B takes R, Q to K 8th (ch), &c.
8. P takes Kt	B to B 4th	21. Q to R 4th	Kt to Q 4th
9. P takes P (ch)	K to Kt sq	22. B takes R	R takes R (ch)
10. Kt to Kt 5th	B takes Kt (ch)	23. K to B 2nd	Q to K 8th (ch)
11. Kt P takes B	P to Q 1st (ch)		
12. P to B 3rd			
	He dare not save the piece.	24. Q to Q 8th	Q to Q 8th was also fatal at once.
13. Q to Kt 3rd	P takes Kt	25. K to Kt 3rd	Q takes B (ch)
14. Kt to Kt 3rd	A threatening move suggested by Rosenthal.	26. K to Kt 3rd	White resigns.

In the City of London Club's winter tournament, which began on Oct. 27, there are no less than sixty first-class players. Of the second class there are forty representatives, including nearly all the strong team of twenty which last Easter defeated the combined Universities; and of the third class there are nearly forty competitors. The leaders so far are Messrs. Loman, Morian, A. C. Smith, Alexandre, Curnock, Humburgh, Harley, Hennell, Kenning, Latham, Passmore, and Percy Howell. In No. 2 section, which is composed of first-class players, Messrs. Block, Jacobs, Howell, Gibbons, Knight, Manlove, Taylor, and Vyse each won one game and lost one.

An interesting match took place on Nov. 9 between the Plymouth and the Great Western Railway Chess Clubs, eight members of the latter travelling all the way from London for the occasion. Play commenced at eight, and at 10.30, when the last game was finished, the result was announced as four all. This is the first occasion the Plymouth Club have played a London team.

After the foregoing paragraph the following comes curiously enough. A match in connection with the metropolitan clubs' contest took place on Tuesday, Nov. 11, at Stanfield House, Hampstead, between the Hampstead and the Western Railway Clubs, each side scoring four games.

Captain Fenore, who lately resigned the secretaryship of the Lee Chess Club, has been presented by the members with a hand-made testimonial, as a mark of esteem and appreciation of his valuable services.

TO BANNOCKBURN, 1890.

All day long the leaves have been falling, and whirling along the old streets of Stirling, which, as you leave the "Grey City" behind you, darken and shadow the Bannockburn Road. No longer tourists ascend the steep streets, where Grey Friars Church keeps bold watch and ward; no longer the Ladies Rock is frequented by pedestrians, bent on seeing that finest of views. The sun sets in purple and golden and yellow, gilding both King's Knot and Abbey Craig; but Ben Lomond oftenest is obscured by dull mists; its loftiest peaks seldom "gleam silver." A cold wind whistles around the monuments that reign where once tourneys were held; the grey streak of Forth is cold and colourless; the meadow-lands lie dank and mist-wreathed. Stirling Old Bridge still gleams on the river, far down beneath the castle battlements, shadowed by woods, flanked by stern hills, crowned by the Abbey Craig. Across its old archways, fretted by time, what famous feet have once passed—Argyles in hot haste, Blakeneys with pressing vanguard, Cumberland's remorseless squadrons! Though the real interest of Stirling City centres, of course, in Bannockburn, it is well to remember that numberless battles have been waged round its walls.

To reach Bannockburn, the old castle streets must be left far behind westward: avenues of trees, gardens of bright flowers, pleasant country seats, must be passed. Old country cottages, with stone-framed windows, at length take the place of newer buildings, with dates throwing back their erection perhaps two centuries. Little wayside inns, with heavy sign-boards swaying and creaking in the wind, will appear at intervals on that oft-traversed road, Stirling to Bannockburn. "Scots Wha Hae" you will see thereon, if you pause a moment to look upwards. "Bore-stone Place" you will see also as you get farther afield. Through shady trees with leaves turning golden, among the long dark grass, protected by grey stone walls, pause a moment at Randolph's immortal field. Within these walls are three stones set for memorial of that great fight, where Randolph and Clifford contended so stoutly for victory in single combat. Newhouse is reached next, where once fell Lennox, Regent of Scotland 1571; on the left hand a tower, lonely mid gravestones, whose kirk was destroyed in the '46, "being used for munitions of war." This was, of course, in that great retreat when Prince Charles's army "ganged awa," and in so doing exploded the magazine and blew up the kirk. Yet farther, and there comes the narrow hill road, where barefooted laddies now play, heedless of traffic—for who now passes through wind and rain to Bannockburn? Above and to rearward frowns Ghillies Hill, fir-clad, not as it once was; fit day, with raindrops hanging on the eaves, for an English pilgrimage hereabouts. Nearer and nearer comes the fatal field—graveyard of a hundred thousand men. Though, indeed, we look back 576 years, it is fresh in Scotch memories as to-day.

The old soldier is there—as on every battle-field where glorious memories linger. He has pinned on his breast, to impress you with his character, fragments of an old red uniform, the stripes which perhaps he won long ago, on some equally well-fought field. So old he looks, you pause for a moment. Is he a "Spirit of the Battle"? so keenly he springs forward, cane in hand, to show you where was the great rush. Where he stands Bruce stood, for here is the Bore stone in which he planted his banner. In the middle of the South lines Randolph held ground, where sloping meadows now stretch; left of him was Douglas, right of him the Bruce. The English were massed on rising ground. All the fair vale before you at the battle time was traversed by innumerable bogs, known to the Scotch, unknown to the English, who perished from the nature of the ground. To the right of you once were those terrible pits, revealed not many years ago, when draining operations showed the existence of stakes centuries old. Where the Bannock Burn now gently winds its way immense morasses must have existed, studded by reed and rush and spear-like grasses—quagmires of veritable destruction. Remains, it is said, of that day's battle have been thereabouts disinterred—Lochaber axes (one in Stirling Castle), halberds, partisans, remains of ancient armours. Halbert's Marsh, Milton Marsh, have yielded up such treasure, in fragmentary remains only—five hundred years old. Here it was that Burns, "in immortal memory," wrote his famous "Scots Wha Hae," which has perhaps done as much to immortalise Bannockburn as the stouter victory could have done. Turning away, slowly and sadly, from this most disastrous field, it is interesting to trace a little way the windings of the battle-field—for windings they were undoubtedly to the English, with firm ground only, in the form of a Z. Were there scouts in those days, who explored the positions? Or was it something of the nature of a surprise that overtook the "Main Battles," and on which subject Scotch and English historian are silent and speechless? As if to perpetuate the melancholy disaster of 1314, yet another tragedy was here enacted in 1488. In the "Tales of a Grandfather" you will find it set forth that James III. of Scotland was here murdered, at but a distance of a mile and a half from our fatal field of Bannockburn. The King's eldest son was fighting against him in the ranks of insurgent barons; the Royal troops fled, James, alone, rode headlong from the field. As he galloped away towards Sauchie Burn, he came to a place called Beaton's Mill, which mill, or one on its site, is still standing, and you can see for yourself. Tradition says his horse took fright at a woman there drawing water (which well you can see), and the horse shied and threw him on the road that then led to Edinburgh. This road you can trace with its narrow way and steep banks, and can picture the King riding by, and in your mind's eye see him taken by the miller's wife to her home! There came the priest—trad

MINOR ART EXHIBITIONS.

THE FRENCH GALLERY.

It seems rather a misuse of one's opportunities to devote more than half the wall space of the French Gallery (120, Pall-mall) to the exhibition of the works of so essentially an English artist as Mr. B. W. Leader. It is true that he is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and that he received a gold medal at the Paris Exhibition; but neither distinction has caused him to make a single concession to the French school of painting. Mr. Leader's work, clean and conscientious, is thoroughly English, growing out of the traditions of a school which modelled itself upon Dutch masters, like Hobbema, Cuyp, and others. It is sometimes hard in outline, more often crude in colour; but it is always completely thorough. It would seem from one little work, "The Young Mother" (83), painted as far back as 1836, that at the outset of his career he thought of figure-painting; but although the sentiment of the picture is good, we cannot regret that he turned away from a line of art for which he had little natural aptitude. He seems to have gone almost at once from his studio work to bury himself among the Welsh mountains, and to learn from daily communion with Nature some of her secrets. How he succeeded his career amply testifies, for he occupies at the present time a foremost and almost unchallenged position as a painter of pure landscape. His greatest work, in his own opinion, is, presumably, the large landscape, embracing a watery marsh-land, known by the title "At Eveningtime it shall be Light" (40); and, undoubtedly, it possesses many fine qualities, and renders with great force the sunset glimmer of an autumn eve. These same qualities, in even a more marked degree, are to be found in "Parting Day" (80) and, in a less degree, in "Glimmering Light" (64), in all of which we find variations of a single theme. "The Sandy Margin of the Sea" (35) to our mind is a more truly imaginative work—although the subject is more restricted; but Mr. Leader here gets a little away from his familiar hunting-ground, and consequently from his conventional method of treatment. In the "Church and Lock at Stratford" (85) he gets back to his old style, but there is more compression as well as composition in the work than usual—too much of the former, indeed, in the foreshortening of the lock. It is unnecessary to go through the whole fifty pictures by Mr. Leader, many of which are familiar by engraving or recent exhibition; but it will suffice to say that he comes out of the ordeal of a collected exhibition with far greater credit to his powers than we should have anticipated.

The foreign pictures brought together by Mr. Wallis contain nothing very novel or startling. Professor Wünnenberg's "Blonde" (100) and "Brunette" (98) are suave ladies, whose dispositions are, we trust, as smooth as their skin. M. James Bertrand's "Lesbia" (13) is as deftly painted as the German artist's work, and with a trifle more human nature in the face. M. Emile Claus's "September Morning" (16) is an excellent rendering of "the tearful glimmer of the silent morn" among Belgian meadows and Belgian cattle. Professor Heffner has been trying his skill on the banks of the Thames, and sends a number of little sketches of the river about Wargrave and Streatley, of which that entitled "Springtime" (6) is the largest and, at the same time, the most distinctive. There is a bright little out-of-doors study by J. Israels, "The First Step" (28), a fisher group conceived in the best spirit; and M. Roelofs's "Dutch Pastures" (68) demands special notice. A somewhat ambitious picture, "Le Seigneur du Village" (58), by the clever Herr Klecynski, who has learnt all that the Munich professors can teach, represents a Russian noble in his sledge, drawn by six horses, passing without notice the modest equipage of one of his tenants, drawn out of the beaten snow-track to make way for his lord and master. The movement of the horses is well rendered, but there is a want of tone and transparency about the snow which mars the work. Among other pictures worthy of notice may be mentioned H. W. Koekkoek's "After the Charge" (71), a troop of cuirassiers retiring with their leader wounded; Señor Jimenez's "Musical Critics" (4), more subdued in colour and decoration than usual; and M. Blommers's "Dutch Village" (29), a nice old-fashioned red-tiled hamlet, where Rip Van Winkle might have slept, undisturbed by man or beast.

MESSRS. VOKINS'.

A very attractive exhibition has been brought together at this gallery (Great Portland-street), and, if it be not absolutely exhaustive of the history of mezzotint engraving, illustrates very satisfactorily its principal phases during the last hundred years. The collection now on view bears witness to the assiduity and taste with which Mr. Walter Gilbey has pursued his self-appointed task, and it would perhaps be difficult for any private collector to show a finer array of "first states" and bright impressions than are now courteously open to public inspection. One of the earliest though not, perhaps, rarest works is a picture by Brandoin, and mezzotinted by Earlam, representing the Exhibition of the Royal Academy at its early home in Pall-mall, in 1772—that is to say, fifteen years earlier than the more commonly known engravings of the Exhibition at Somerset House by Ramberg. But one turns rather to the more beautiful subjects offered by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hoppner, and others, to the engraver's skill. Reynolds's work is the most numerously represented, and among others includes the portraits of Lady Melbourne and her child, and Lady Bampfylde, by Tobias Watson; Mrs. Pelham feeding pigeons, and Mr. Barwell, both by Dickinson; Miss Jacobs, by Spilsby; and those two masterpieces of arrangement—the Marlborough family, and the "Three Graces" (Mrs. Beresford, Lady Townshend, and Mrs. Gardiner), both of which plates were executed by C. Turner. There is a good collection of Morland's work, which always is attractive in black and white—whether he deals with animals, peasants, or recruits. A less-known artist, but a Royal Academician, W. R. Biggs, is represented by some clever groups of children, "The Romps" and "The Truants," which were mezzotinted by W. Ward, who also has done good service to Raphael Smith in reproducing his portrait of Mr. Stephen Hemsted. The Blackheath Golf Club will be jealous of the portrait by L. F. Abbott of one of its prominent members in 1790—when a windmill still occupied a prominent place on the heath. Horses and dogs by James Ward, A. Cooper, H. B. Chalon, and others also make a good show, while Colonel Mordaunt's "Cock Match," fought at Lucknow in 1786, painted by Zoffany and engraved by Earlam, is in as fresh a state as if it left the press only a year ago. The collection of Samuel Cousins's reproductions of Sir Thomas Laurence's portraits, and of such works as "The Surprise," Miss Macdonald, and Miss Leslie, by the otherwise forgotten G. S. Newton, R.A., is as nearly complete as possible, and is the more interesting as giving an opportunity of comparing the older and the more recent mezzotint work.

THE BURLINGTON GALLERY.

Credit must be given to the manager of this gallery (27, Old Bond-street) for attempting to bring to the notice of English picture-fanciers the works of modern Belgian artists. The Cercle Artistique of Brussels includes upwards of eight hundred members, among whom are many who have obtained a European

reputation, while others, less prominent, deserve a wider field than they have as yet obtained. Among these the manager of the Burlington Gallery has been foraging for provision for his Winter Exhibition, and one can only regret that he should not have been more successful or more discriminating. The majority of the pictures fall short of that level of technical ability which our own artists can obtain, and it is curious to find in such works as Mr. Hugh Carter's "Sunny Corner" (6) and "A Cobbler's Home" (88) the foreign artists are fairly outmatched on their own ground, and in the treatment of subjects which they especially affect. M. Van Hammer is a very disappointing painter, for, while his single figure at the Wailing Well (8) at Jerusalem is not without promise, his more ambitious works, "Antony and Cleopatra" (27) and a "Classic Interior" (36), bear witness to his incapacity for anything like sustained work, while his grotesque idea of form-beauty renders his attempts to treat subjects after the manner of the Neo-Classicalists ludicrous. M. Boudry contributes two clever heads of a "Fisherman" (23) and a "Fisherwoman" (15), and M. Henri Rul's "Orchard" (32) is a pretty although a conventional treatment of spring, and not up to the level of M. Van Luppen's "St. Fontaine" (39), a pretty woodland glade, and thoroughly characteristic of Belgian scenery. "A Warm Summer's Evening" (35), by H. W. Mesdag, although rapidly painted, is full of clever suggestions of light, and M. Edg. Farasyn's "Cause of War" (68) shows a fine appreciation of dog life and dog love. In addition to the Belgian pictures there is a small collection of drawings by English artists, among whom Mr. Henry Moore, Mr. Fred Cotman, and Mr. Wilfrid Ball show to advantage, and uphold the standard of English Art against foreign competitors.

MR. J. LEWIS THOMAS.

The late Chief Surveyor of the War Office, Mr. James Lewis Thomas, who has retired after forty-six years' service in the Department, was recently entertained by his numerous friends and colleagues in the War Office with a farewell banquet, presided over by General Sir Lothian Nicholson, K.C.B., Inspector-General of Fortifications and Royal Engineers, supported by his deputy, Colonel Locock, R.E., General Sim, R.E., Sir Robert Harley, K.C.M.G., Surgeon-Major Harley Thomas,



MR. JAMES LEWIS THOMAS,
LATE CHIEF SURVEYOR, WAR OFFICE

Major Watson, C.M.G., and about seventy other gentlemen. An illuminated address, on vellum, was presented to Mr. Thomas, expressing their esteem. Mr. Thomas entered the service in 1844, served at the Tower of London three years, and afterwards seven years in the West Indies, returning home at the commencement of the Crimean War in 1854, when he was appointed Deputy Surveyor in the Ordnance Office, afterwards merged in the War Office. In 1880 he succeeded to the office of Chief Surveyor, from which he now retires.

The Portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

ART BOOKS.

Manual of Archaeology. By Talfourd Ely, M.A. (London: H. Grevel and Co., 1890).—The increasing attention paid to classical study and its relation to ancient art has stimulated the production of handbooks and histories to such an extent that the student is bewildered by the *embarras du choix*. The schoolmaster, we should be inclined to think, is rather too much abroad, and many a one must be beating the hedges in search of scholars still unprovided with the requisite guides to knowledge. Mr. Talfourd Ely's book, however, has much to recommend it in style, knowledge, and appearance. He has absorbed a vast quantity of learning and information collected by others, and has produced a readable treatise, dealing with the history of art from prehistoric times to the debasement of Greek art in Southern Italy. We have searched, however, in vain for any trace of original criticism or of individual discovery. He has doubtless the gift of a book-maker, but his knowledge has been obtained second-hand, and bears witness to the labours of others, not to his own research. The volume, which is a portable one and well got-up, is profusely illustrated with reproductions of wall-paintings, bas-reliefs, drawings, &c., of which the greater number have already appeared quite recently, as, for example, the Poros head of Typhon in the Acropolis Museum, the head of Parthenos in the Hermitage Museum, and others which, if we mistake not, figured in the additions made by Miss J. E. Harrison to her translation of M. Pierre Pavis's "Manual of Ancient Sculpture," which appeared only a short time since. We do not pretend to understand the ethics upon which the relationship of author and publisher is based; but in this matter of reproducing at the interval of a few months in one book engravings which have appeared in another bearing upon a similar subject, the publishers would seem to be placing either themselves or the public in a dilemma, of which the solution is unsatisfactory. By a still more perverse fate, the most original of all the illustrations, a photographic reproduction of "Bak-Ran," the mummy which was unrolled last winter at University College, is dismissed with a few lines in a footnote, the reader being referred to "Mr. Budge's Remarks" for information as to Bak-Ran's place in archaeology—for we believe that that good lady occupied no place in history.

A Young Macedonian. By the Rev. Alfred J. Church. (London: Seeley and Co.)—This is another volume of the

series of classical stories which the author has from time to time published, with the object of conveying to the young of both sexes some idea of the conditions under which ancient Greeks and Romans lived. On the present occasion we have the story of a young follower and favourite of Alexander the Great, who, in company with a friend who had snatched from him the prize at the Olympian Games, follows the great conqueror on his Eastern campaigns. Charidemus, the Macedonian, is taken prisoner at the siege of Halicarnassus, and there makes the acquaintance of Memnon, the Persian commander-in-chief, and wins his esteem. He is soon afterwards ransomed by exchange, and after many adventures he finds himself in Damascus; and there Mr. Church, following the story of Josephus, takes Alexander and his army to Jerusalem—a campaign over which rests a cloud of doubt. At all events, it serves to bring out the romantic side of Mr. Church's hero, and gives him the opportunity of drawing a contrast between Jewish and Macedonian temperament and civilisation. From Jerusalem Alexander, on his famous fourth campaign, comes to Euphrates, marches towards the Tigris, and at length brings Darius to bay at the battle of Arbela, which is followed by the surrender of Babylon. At this point the historical narrative gives place to the romance which Mr. Church has interwoven with his sketch of Alexander's campaigns, for which we refer our readers to the "Young Macedonian," who, although essentially modern in his thoughts and expression, is nevertheless a fine manly type, which we might, even at the close of the nineteenth century, do well to imitate. The book is illustrated with a number of reproductions from old vases and plaques; but Mr. Church is mistaken if he thinks that any of those he gives are contemporary with the events to which they refer. One and all bear the mark of the latest decadence of vase-painting, when Greek painters and potters were meeting the taste of their Roman patrons, and had begun to introduce Latin heresies into the pure traditions of ancient Greek art.

Elementary Art Teaching. By Edward R. Taylor. (London: Chapman and Hall, 1890.)—If ever industrial art in this country find itself firmly established and able to hold its own against foreign competition, it will be mainly due to the systematic teaching and radical methods of such teachers as Mr. Edward Taylor. The volume which he has now been induced to publish embodies the experience of upwards of twenty years' art teaching in both workshop and studio; and it bears, from the first page to the last, the evidence of practical knowledge and common-sense. Mr. Taylor is of opinion not only that drawing can be learned by all, but that by all it can be turned to useful purpose. "Clear view, exact measurement, precise statement" underlie art as much as science, and in the preliminary stages these are the chief things to be aimed at. Geometrical drawing, however, will never satisfy those for whom art is to be anything more than the "rule and square" in after-life. The imagination on the one hand, the memory on the other, must be trained and stimulated; and Mr. Taylor is sanguine that in the system he explains both teacher and learner will find means of making steady progress towards the higher branches of art. He is not afraid—as so many instructors are—of allowing his pupils to take the brush in hand at the earliest period, recognising that the eye is never more susceptible than in childhood to gradations of colours and tone. From flat-tinting he passes on to model drawing and plant drawing, showing in what way drawing from the model differs from copying from the flat; while in drawing from plants he shows the teacher the danger of allowing the pupil to forsake the habits of exactness which had been acquired in the earlier stages. Flower-painting, although absolutely indispensable to those who are likely to devote themselves to the arts of design, is an acquirement for which the professional painter cares only in his moments of leisure; but it may be turned to good account by those who wish to test their memory and the correctness of their eye. It is unnecessary to follow Mr. Taylor step by step through his drawing course—which is copiously illustrated with diagrams and designs—but we can conscientiously recommend it to all, whether teachers or learners, who are anxious to base their drawing upon the solid rock of common-sense and successful experience.

Soul-Shapes. (London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1890.)—It is to be regretted that the author, falling into the ever-yawning pitfall of alliteration, should have been tempted by a title which may offend some, while it is certain to mislead all. "Character Charts" would much more accurately describe that power of visualisation to which the author lays claim. It was Mr. Francis Galton, we believe, who first called attention to this habit of certain minds, and told us of one person who regarded Monday as a round blue object, of another who thought of February as oblong and speckled, and so on. The author of the curious and original essay now before us—for it is scarcely more—goes a step further, and claims the power of seeing men and women's characters in shapes and colours. It would, perhaps, be more accurate to say that certain characters with which the author has become acquainted assume the forms and shapes described; and in view of the sensitiveness of some perceptions—especially women's—it is quite possible to believe that the concepts of childhood of any unseen and unrealisable expanse of matter, such as the great continents, or even countries, adapt themselves unconsciously to intangible qualities. It is impossible to give any adequate analysis of the author's theory, but it is urged with considerable force and by the help of a nimble fancy and a facile pen. Whether the idea is as original as the author supposes we very much doubt, for from time to time "soul-shapes" have been depicted by the disciples of Swedenborg, Robert Owen, as well as by the modern school of Spiritualists. The present tractate, however, differs in one respect from all its predecessors in being written in a more restrained tone, soliciting criticism and investigation. We may not be able to classify our friends—happily both for them and for us—as blue souls, surface souls, and deep souls, but we can recognise those in whom affection is balanced by discernment and generosity, and those in whom the sense of humour is kept in check by criticism and reserve. And

As imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothings
A local habitation and a name.

Major G. E. W. Malet, the hon. director of the Royal Military Exhibition, has been presented by the exhibitors of the trade section with a handsome service of silver, together with a suitably inscribed testimonial expressing their appreciation and esteem.

Sir Edgar Boehm has finished the statue of the late Emperor Frederick which he was commissioned by the Queen to execute, and it will shortly be placed in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle. It will probably be erected near the memorial of the late King of the Belgians, while her Majesty is in residence at Windsor.



"NEWS OF THE MISSING SHIP."

DRAWN BY W. RAINES.



"OLD CHUMS."—BY THEODORE COOK.
IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

A LEISURE HOUR.

A catalogue of books is as good a companion as I know of for a leisure hour. I don't mean, of course, a prim, pert catalogue of books of to-day ("Announcements for the forthcoming season"), because these, as yet, can have no history attached to them, and may never live to have any. They have their trials all before them, as sympathetic grandmamas say of the children. Heaven knows whether they will struggle through, and, if they succeed, what modicum of vitality they will retain! So far as books are concerned, one cannot reject the Darwinian theory of the Survival of the Fittest. However, that, as people say, is neither here nor there. I am thinking of a catalogue of second-hand books: of musty folios and dusty quartos, which have defied the insidious approaches of a host of enemies, and, the world having sealed them with its approval, now occupy the seuester corners in our private libraries and the topmost shelves in our booksellers' shops. It is a sign of grace when a book gets into the second-hand book catalogue, where its title is set forth in the most conspicuous type, where its genealogical history is lovingly detailed, and the merits of "choice copies" are dwelt upon with the particularity of an old wine-bibber when eulogising the qualities of his favourite "brand." To read about such books is a rare intellectual treat, and, let me add, a very wholesome one; since no true book-lover will condescend to base feelings of greed or envy as he reads—will begrudge them to the happy Crœsus who can afford their purchase. It is well, he thinks, that there should be safe asylums for things so precious, so sacred, so invaluable. It is well, too, that they should lodge with as many of their fellows as possible, and not be scattered about singly, or in twos or threes. So that the pleasure with which one turns over the pages of his catalogue is unalloyed by even a grain of unworthy feeling.

I have been meditating over a Catalogue of Mediæval Literature, recently issued by that *doyen* of booksellers, Mr. Bernard Quaritch, which I need hardly say belongs to a different category from those I have just spoken of. What delightful reminiscences it recalls! The quaint old Devonshire vicarage—the home of an accomplished scholar and divine—one of those gentle, learned, and devout spirits peculiar, I think, to the English Church—seems before me, where I first made acquaintance with "L'Histoire du Saint Graal" (the holy vessel which received the blood-drops of our crucified Lord), and, in the Quest undertaken by the Knights of the Table Round, detected a symbol of that Ideal which the institution of chivalry was designed to keep alive in the minds of men. It was in the oriel window of a Kentish manor-house that I read the romance of "Knight Huon of Bordeaux," and was introduced in its black-letter pages to Oberon the dwarf, whom the genius of Shakespeare afterwards converted into the comely King of Fairyland, and surrounded with the magical lights of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." It was my happy fortune, in a "garden fair," amid the scent and bloom of flowers, to enjoy for the first time the fine flavour of the "ancient, famous, and honourable history of Amadis de Gaul" (Knight of the Burning Sword, the "darkly beautiful," the very model and pattern of chivalry), which Anthony Munday, the dramatist, rendered into English about 1619. One cannot help wondering, by the way, to what quick and powerful imagination the world owes this fascinating picture of a "very gentle knight." As is the case with so many of the best mediæval romances, its author's name is unknown, but the original seems to have been written by some Limousin or Castilian poet, and turned into prose in the middle of the fourteenth century by Vasco de Lobeira, a Portuguese knight. Then, about 1490-1500, in the reign of Isabella la Católica, one García Rodríguez de Montalva (what a nobly sounding name!) rewrote it in the language of his own age, and added to the three books a fourth "out of his own head" (as the children say). It was translated into French by Nicholas de Herberay, Lord of Essacs, whose version Munday followed, and into German in 1583. Thus, you see, the old romance has a history of its own, and must needs have had a salt of life in it to have spread so extensively over Christendom.

The truth is, it inaugurated a new era of romance. The old legends of chivalry were taken hold of and recast, the sentiment of gallantry being blended with the impulses of chivalry and religion. The early metrical romances, contemporaneous with or following close upon the Crusades, differ widely from the later prose romances, of which "Amadis de Gaul" was the prototype. The former resound with the din of war, with the clash of swords and the splintering of spears. Woman occupies a subordinate and almost humiliating position. The religious colouring is crude, though deep and strong. In the latter, woman appears as the mistress and queen, before whom every heart bows down; social manners are softened and harmonised; the battle-field has given place to the bannered "lists"; and ecclesiastical machinery is introduced, not from any religious feeling, but as part of the romancer's stock-in-trade. It is a strange ideal world into which these romances, whether of the old school or the new, whether Arthurian or Carlovian, French or Spanish, plunge us, but one not ill fitted to nourish fine feelings of gentleness, humanity, and chivalry. For my part, I vastly prefer them to the "shilling shockers" and penny novelettes that now make life intolerable. I am sure that their tone is infinitely purer, truer, loftier. And as their readers of old read of the gentle and virtuous deeds by which these renowned knights, their heroes, came to honour, and how those that were vicious were punished, and oft put to shame and reproof, they must have been inspired with at least a passing resolve to imitate their high example—to "do after the good," as Caxton puts it, "and leave the evil." Or, in the quaint speech of Sir Thomas Malory: "Meseemeth, by the oft reading thereof, ye shall greatly desire to accustom yourself in following of those gracious knightly deeds—that is to say, to dread God and to love righteousness, faithfully and courageously to serve your sovereign prince, and the more that God hath given you the triumphal honour the meeker ought ye to be, ever fearing the unstableness of this deceitful world."

But I am wandering from my catalogue, every page of which contains some item of romantic interest. For instance, is it not well to know that for eight guineas you may procure the "Blason des Armoires des Chevaliers de la Toison d'Or," and lose yourself in priceless reveries respecting the doings of that famous order? For eight hundred pounds you may become the fortunate possessor of the famous "Psalterium," executed at Mundham Priory towards the end of the twelfth century, and enriched with ninety-two pictures on vellum of biblical scenes and scenes from the *Hagiology*, in the richest of colours and the quaintest of designs. You may dwell upon the wonderful illuminations of the Villars-Villeroy "Bible Historiale," written in France about 1370, where the Israelites and the Canaanites do battle mounted on horseback and clad in armour, with helmet and buckler and levelled spears; and David and Goliath, equipped like two mediæval knights, regard each other with the air of a couple of stage players. These choice manuscripts will transport you in fancy to the monastic scriptorium, where, day after day, the laborious copyists bent over their work with a feeling of mingled pride and devotion, filling in a sky of ultramarine, touching up an

initial letter with purple and gold, and exhausting all the resources of fancy and invention in the embellishment of the sacred writings, or of a "Book of Hours," or of some mendacious record of miracles never wrought by saints who never lived.

Turn to another page, and you get into a black-letter edition of the travels of that Sir John Mandeville whom the iconoclastic sincerity of modern criticism has dismissed into space as a sham, substituting in his stead a certain Canon of Bruges, who must have owned a particularly fertile imagination to have concocted so many "tales of wonder." For my own part, however, I intend to believe in Sir John Mandeville still! One cannot afford to part with all one's ancient friends. On another page the eye is caught by such suggestive names as Joinville, the Seneschal of Champagne, who wrote so moving a chronicle of the adventures and misadventures of St. Louis; Talbot, the great English soldier, to whom Shakespeare has done honour, whose prayer-book, picked up on the lost field of Castillon, is now—in the British Museum?—No; in the library of a French collector; Louis XI., who lives in the pages of Sir Walter Scott; and Scanderbeg (George Castriote, Prince of Epirus), the scourge of the Turks in the fifteenth century. The story goes that the Sultan Mahomed desired to see the sword with which he had put to flight the Moslem on so many fields. It was sent to him, but, finding that no one in his Court could unsheathe it, the Sultan returned it as a fraud. Iskander Beg replied he had sent only the sword, not the arm that drew it. He was lying on a sick-bed when the Turks once more raised the alarms of war. Nothing could prevent him from leading his Epitrotes into the battle; but the effort proved too much for his failing energies, and, after defeating the Mohammedans with terrible slaughter, he died the same night—a hero's death, crowned with a patriot's fame.

The "Chronicle of the Cid," so full of picturesque and romantic episodes, which Lockhart has rendered into spirited English verse; the story (by Johannes Adolphus) of Frederick Barbarossa, or Redbeard, "the Hammer of Italy and the Terror of the Turks," who died of a bath in the Cydnus as Alexander the Great had almost done fourteen centuries before him (the Cydnus sets one thinking of that splendid Shakespearean picture of Cleopatra's voyage down the classic river); the Chronicles of that shrewd observer Philippe de Commynes, whom Scott has brought into his "Quentin Durward"; the glorious chivalric record of Froissart, in whose vivid pages we see our Edward III. and our Black Prince, and Edward's noble Queen, Philippa, and that most loyal of servants, Sir John Chandos, in their habit as they lived; and the famous "Chroniques des Ducs de Normandie" (of which a magnificent copy on vellum, with miniatures and initial letters, you may make your own for the ridiculously trifling sum of fifteen hundred pounds)—these are items each of which embodies a world of suggestion and allusion. But I have said enough to prove the deep interest that lies in a catalogue of what are called second-hand books. True, very few such catalogues can possess the value of the one which I have made my text; but I never yet met with any that had not some striking features in it, and that could not be relied upon to while away agreeably, and not unprofitably, a Leisure Hour.

W. H. D.-A.

The Bishop of Southwell has promised £100 and the Butterley Company have offered £300 to every £700 subscribed towards building a new church at Ripley.

The Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley lent her house, 40, Dover-street, Piccadilly, for a two-day sale of needlework, dolls, and fancy goods, at low prices, suitable for Christmas presents, in aid of the new Hospital for Women, Euston-road.

The Essex Hall Centre for the University Extension Scheme commenced its fourth course of winter lectures on Nov. 14 in the form of a class for the study of Aristotle's Ethics and Green's *Prolegomena*. It is to be conducted by Mr. J. H. Muirhead, M.A., and will consist of ten meetings.

At a meeting of the Chester Triennial Musical Festival Committee—the Dean of Chester in the chair—the festival was fixed to take place on July 22, 23, and 24, 1891. Among the works already chosen for performance are Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" and "Elijah," Handel's concerto for orchestra, Dvorák's "Stabat Mater," Berlioz's "Faust," and Saint-Saëns's "Nineteenth Psalm."

Bishop Barry, D.D., has been appointed Canon of Windsor, in succession to the Rev. Canon Eliot, appointed to the Deanery of Windsor. Dr. Barry, who was fourth wrangler, and a late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, was Bishop of Sydney and Primate of Australia from 1884, and has lately acted as assistant to the Bishop of Rochester. Dr. Barry is the author of many theological works.

Circulars inviting their followers to attend the opening of Parliament on Nov. 25 have been issued by the Marquis of Salisbury, Mr. W. H. Smith, Mr. Gladstone, Earl Granville, and the Marquis of Hartington. The address in reply to the Queen's Speech will be moved in the House of Lords by Lord Windsor, and seconded by Lord Ardilaun. The mover in the House of Commons will be Colonel William Kenyon-Slaney, and the seconder will be Mr. J. Forrest Fulton.

The ceremony of nominating the Sheriffs took place in the Court of the Lord Chief Justice on Nov. 12, "the morrow of St. Martin." Lord Coleridge was absent through illness, but the Judges who attended were Justices Denman, Hawkins, Smith, and Wills. The Chancellor of the Exchequer presided, and Lord Cranbrook and Viscount Cross were also present. The practice is to select three names for each county for submission to her Majesty, who generally appoints the first one on the list. There were, as usual, excuses of ill-health and want of means, but the objections on the ground of the depressed state of agriculture did not appear so numerous as formerly.

Mr. Romer, Q.C., who has accepted the vacant Judgeship of the Chancery Division, caused by the appointment of Mr. Justice Kay as Lord Justice of Appeal, was educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. He was Senior Wrangler and Equal Smith's Prizeman in 1863, and became a Fellow of his college. Mr. Romer was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1867, and joined the South-Eastern Circuit. He was an Examiner in Civil Law to the University of Cambridge in 1869-70, and has been a member of the Bar Committee since 1883. He was made a Queen's Counsel in 1881, and elected a Bencher of his Inn in 1884. Mr. Romer married a daughter of the late Mark Lemon, editor of *Punch*.

The official returns of the five City of London Infantry Volunteer corps have been completed for the War Office. They show that the total enrolled strength for the year just ended was 3985, of whom 3726 were efficient and 259 non-efficient. All the items indicate a decrease in comparison with 1889, when there were 4104 enrolled—3337 efficient and 267 non-efficient. The efficient returned by the corps separately are: London Rifle Brigade, 654, decrease, 8; 2nd London Rifles, 916, increase, 16; 3rd London Rifles, 774, decrease, 103; Post Office Rifles, 855, increase, 15; and Customs and Docks Rifles, 527, decrease, 31. The five corps combined have 378 proficient officers and sergeants; forty-five officers passed in tactics, and eight passed in signalling.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

CAN WE SEPARATE ANIMALS FROM PLANTS?

One of the plainest points connected with the study of living things is the power we apparently possess of separating animals from plants. So self-evident appears this power that the popular notion scoffs at the idea of science modestly disclaiming its ability to separate the one group of living beings from the other. Is there any danger of confusing a bird with the tree amid the foliage of which it builds its nest; or of mistaking a cow for the grass it eats? These queries are, of course, answerable in one way only. Unfortunately (for the querists), however, they do not include or comprehend the whole difficulty. They merely assert, what is perfectly true, that we are able, without trouble, to mark off the higher animals from the higher plants. What science inquires is, whether we are able to separate all animals from all plants, and to fix a definite boundary-line, so as to say that all the organisms on the one side of the line are assuredly animals, while all the others on the opposite side of the line may be declared to be truly plants. It is exactly this task which science declares to be among the impossibilities of knowledge. Away down in the depths of existence, and among the groundlings of life, the identity of living things becomes of a nature which is worse than confusing, and which renders it a futile task to attempt to separate the two worlds of life. The hopelessness of the task, indeed, has struck some observers so forcibly that they have proposed to constitute a third kingdom—the *Ilegnum Protisticum*—between the animal and the plant worlds, for the reception of the host of doubtful organisms. This third kingdom would resemble the casual ward of a workhouse, in that it would receive the waifs and strays of life which could not find a refuge anywhere else.

A very slight incursion into biological fields may serve to show forth the difficulties of naturalists when the task of separating animals from plants is mooted for discussion. To begin with, if we suppose our popular disbeliever to assert that animals and plants are always to be distinguished by shape and form, it is easy enough to show him that here, as elsewhere, appearances are deceptive. What are we to say of a sponge, of a sea-anemone, of corals, of zoophytes growing rooted from oyster-shells, of sea-squirts, and of sea-mats? These, each and all of them, are true animals, but they are so plant-like that, as a matter of fact, they are often mistaken by sea-side visitors for plants. This last remark holds especially true of the zoophytes and the sea-mats. Then, on the other hand, we can point to hundreds of lower plants, from the yeast-plant onwards, which show none of the ordinary features of plant-life at all. They possess neither roots, stems, branches, leaves, nor flowers; so that on this first count of the indictment the naturalist gains the day.

Power of movement, to which the popular doubter is certain to appeal, is an equally baseless ground of separation. For all the animals I have above named are rooted and fixed, while many true plants of lower grade are never rooted at all. The yeast-plant, the *Algæ* that swarm in our ponds, and the diatoms that crowd the waters, exemplify plants that are as free as animals; and many of them, besides, in their young state especially (e.g., the seaweeds), swim about freely in the water as if they were roving animalcules. On the second count, also, science gains the day: power of motion is no legitimate ground at all for distinguishing one living being as an animal, while absence of movement is similarly no reason for assuming that the fixed organism must of necessity be a plant. Then comes the microscopic evidence. What can this wonder-glass do in the way of drawing boundary lines betwixt the living worlds? The reply again is disappointing to the doubter; for the microscope teaches us that the tissues of animals and plants are built upon kindred lines. We meet with cells and fibres in both. The cell is in each case the primitive expression of the whole organism. Beyond cells and fibres we see the wonderful living substance, *protoplasm*, which is alike to our senses in the two kingdoms, although, indeed, differing much here and there in the results of its work. On purely microscopic grounds, we cannot separate animals from plants. There is no justification for rigidly assuming that this is a plant or that an animal on account of anything the microscope can disclose. A still more important point in connection with this protoplasm question consists in the fact that, as we go backwards to the beginnings of life, both in animals and plants, we seem to approach nearer and nearer to an identity of substance which baffles the microscope with all its powers of discernment. Every animal and every plant begins existence as a mere speck of this living jelly. The germ of each is a protoplasmic particle, which, whatever traces of structure it may exhibit, is practically unrecognisable as being definitely animal or plant in respect of its nature. Later on, as we know, the egg or germ shows traces of structure in the case of the higher animals and plants; while even lowly forms of life exhibit more or less characteristic phases when they reach their adult stage. But, of life's beginnings, the microscope is as futile as a kind of scientific touchstone for distinguishing animals from plants, as is power of movement, or shape, or form.

A fourth point of appeal in the matter is found within the domain of the chemist. Chemistry, with its subtle powers of analysis, with its many-sided possibilities of discovering the composition of things, and with its ability to analyse for us even the light of the far-distant stars, only complicates the difficulties of the biologist. For, while of old it was assumed that a particular element, nitrogen, was peculiar to animals, and that carbon was an element peculiar to plants, we now know that both elements are found in animals, just as both occur in plants. The chemistry of living things, moreover, when it did grow to become a staple part of science, revealed other and greater anomalies than these. It showed that certain substances which were supposed to be peculiar to plants, and to be made and manufactured by them alone, were also found in animals. Chlorophyll is the green colouring matter of plants, and is, of course, a typical product of the vegetable world; yet it is made by such animals as the hydra of the brooks and ponds, and by many animalcules and some worms. Starch is surely a typical plant-product, yet it is undoubtedly manufactured, or at least stored up, by animals—a work illustrated by the liver of man himself, which occasionally produces sugar out of its starch.

Again, there is a substance called *cellulose*, found well-nigh universally in plants. Of this substance, which is akin to starch, the walls or envelopes of the cells of plant tissues are composed. Yet we find those curious animals, the sea-squirts, formed on rocks and stones at low-water mark, manufacturing cellulose to form part and parcel of the outer covering of their sac-like bodies. Here it is as if the animal, like a dishonest manufacturer, had infringed the patent rights of the plant. On the fourth count, then—that of chemical composition—the verdict is that nothing that chemistry can teach us may serve definitely, clearly, and exactly to set a boundary line or to erect a partition-wall betwixt the two worlds of life. There yet remains for us to consider a fifth head—that of the food; but this latter research must wait for another week's jottings.

ANDREW WILSON.

MR. FROUDE ON LORD BEACONSFIELD.

Lord Beaconsfield, K.G. By J. A. Froude. ("Prime Ministers of Queen Victoria": Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington, publishers.)—This series of political biographies, edited by Mr. Stuart J. Reid, will comprise all the Prime Ministers of her Majesty's reign—namely, Lord Melbourne, Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell (the Earl Russell of a later period), the late Earl of Derby, the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Disraeli (formerly Earl of Beaconsfield), Mr. Gladstone, and the Marquis of Salisbury. From the selection of writers, known either as literary men or as politicians, it seems evident that the series, on the whole, cannot be intended to display the Parliamentary history of the half-century in the light of views favoured by either of the great English parties or schools of statesmanship. It would, indeed, be very difficult to show that such views, on either side, have been consistently maintained, from the first to the last acts of their respective careers, by any one of the eminent statesmen above-named. Since the Reform Act of 1832 the greatest changes in our representative constitution have been effected by Conservative Ministers, as in 1867, or with the consent, as in 1885, of the Conservative Leaders of Opposition, while Free Trade was carried by Sir Robert Peel from 1842 to 1846. On the other hand, it was Lord Palmerston, the head of a Liberal Government, who chiefly withheld proposals of organic reform, and who originated the Imperialist theory of foreign and colonial policy. Nevertheless, there is always, in England at least, a profound underlying conflict of sentiments, derived from the traditions of social life among different classes, and from old passages in our national history for two or three centuries past, which makes the essential distinction of Conservatives and Radical Reformers. The true root of English Conservatism is probably to be found in a conviction that the historical ground of all that has been hitherto notably stable and prosperous in the working of politics, under the constitutional monarchy, is the understood alliance between an hereditary aristocracy of landowners and an Established Episcopalian Church.

It cannot be imputed to any of the eminent Conservative statesmen—Lord Beaconsfield was one who preferred to call himself a Tory—that they have ever betrayed a disposition to surrender the principle of an ecclesiastical Establishment, which must be regarded, from the political point of view, as an adjunct, perhaps even as a bulwark, and an historical feature, of the existing House of Lords. Here is the dividing line; and Mr. Disraeli's shrewd political insight, guided by his personal intercourse with the "Young England Party," forty or fifty years ago, directed him to become the literary and oratorical spokesman of a constitutional doctrine, not specially religious, lending some aid from the conventional dignity of an Established Church in support of aristocratic claims. Noble families who were not Whiggish, but devoutly orthodox, were to find new methods of ruling the country henceforth with a benevolent zeal for the welfare of the labouring classes. It was inevitable that this sentimental party of "Young England" should fall into the ranks of the agricultural Protectionists, when Peel adopted the economic ideas of the Manchester School; for the supremacy of the landed interest was, in their opinion, intimately associated with the parochial Church system. What is most curious is the biographical fact that Mr. Disraeli, who, until he wrote "Coningsby," had appeared a mere free-lance of literature and politics, a young man of fashion and social ambition, witty, satirical, abounding in fantastic conceits and affectations, suddenly assumed the grave charge of forming and leading the new Conservative phalanx to a victory which was gained, at length, by dropping most of its Tory professions on the way.

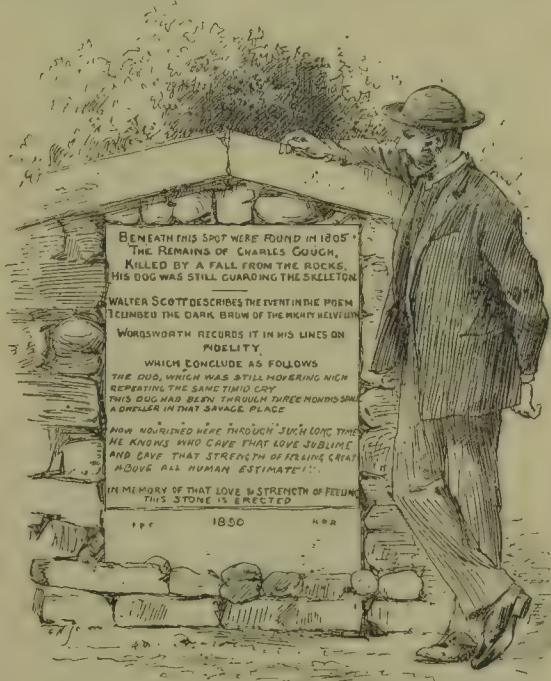
Mr. Froude's dissertation on the life and character of this extraordinary public man does justice to his good qualities, both moral and intellectual, which, indeed, were very engaging to those near him, and fascinating to the distant admirers of his genius. The harmless and venial faults of his irresponsible and irrepressible youthful vivacity, before he wore Parliamentary harness, are leniently treated. They only signified that he would then win social distinction at the price of wilfully making himself ridiculous by eccentric airs of singular personal superiority, while he did this, evidently, from no real pride or arrogance, but for the purpose of exciting wonder and forcing himself into notice in the world. Few young English gentlemen in his position would have been inclined to do so; but Mr. Froude remarks that Disraeli was not an Englishman in character, either by parentage or by education; his ancestry was entirely Jewish, of high respectability, but from Spain and Italy; and he was never at any English public school or University, or the companion, in boyhood, of youths of the English higher-class rank. These were social disadvantages, at that time, for one who cherished the kind of ambition manifested in "Vivian Grey." Such as Disraeli was, or seemed to be, in the precocious efforts of his literary and conversational talents, no serious men could take him seriously; but he amused some of the ladies. One paid the expenses of his romantic tour in Albania and Syria; others welcomed him, in his velvet coat, white satin waistcoat, laced ruffles, and long curls, at their drawing-room and ball-room assemblies; he met Bulwer and D'Orsay at Lady Blessington's; finally, Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, through her husband's interest, got him a seat in the House of Commons, and, when left a wealthy widow, gave him her hand with the use of her fortune, just in time to save him from being a victim of the debts and money-lenders besetting his rash career. There are few examples of a man so blamelessly correct as he ever was in all his relations with the sex, so delicate and reverent in his behaviour towards them, being so greatly indebted to women for his opportunities of success. Disraeli, indeed, was never a man of mere gallantry, but a chivalrous friend of womanhood, and was frankly, nobly grateful to those ladies, neither young nor beautiful, who recognised his intellectual powers, and who, being rich enough, aided him in the pursuit of fame and power. The latest instance of these innocent *bonnes fortunes* was the bequest to him of a large fortune by old Mrs. Brydges Willys, of Torquay, a lady of Jewish descent, who had sought and enjoyed the friendship of Mr. and Mrs. Disraeli. In all this, and in the whole of his domestic life, we find nothing but what is pleasant, proper, and honourable. Disraeli was a constant, affectionate, faithful husband, a true friend, discreet and temperate, kindly and generous, in the affairs of home and private intercourse; at heart a gentleman, and with fine courtesy and urbanity of manners.

His public career is another matter; and here we should, endeavouring to judge him impartially, make a distinction between his conduct as Leader of the Opposition, or as a Cabinet Minister second to Lord Derby, with his brief Premiership in 1867 and 1868, and in the Ministry known as Lord Beaconsfield's, from February 1874 to April 1880. Our own point of view is that of the Liberal Party during the whole of those periods; but we agree with Mr. Froude in thinking Disraeli's behaviour as Leader of the Conservatives in Opposition much wiser than his later Ministerial policy. For twenty-

five years—from 1859 to 1874—he managed the party warfare on his side in the House of Commons with great sagacity and dexterity, not the less admirable for being controlled by rules of fair play, scrupulous regard to custom and to the rights of the Government in the arrangement of business, and excellent good temper. Vexatious and wanton obstruction was not in his line; his tact, wit, and fine sense of humour enabled him to parry acrimonious personalities; and he did not again revert to the cruelly bitter tone of his attacks on Peel. In the meantime, he was slowly and warily "educating" his followers—whether he also educated Lord Derby, we cannot say—to those Liberal ideas which took shape in the Conservative Reform Bill of 1867, and which Mr. Froude still disapproves, as Mr. Carlyle did at the time. Mr. Disraeli's notions also of foreign policy, except the coldness he showed towards the cause of Italian freedom, were such as became a prudent and pacific statesman; neither towards Russia or France, or to the United States of America, did he evince the slightest hostility, and the note of "Jingo" was not heard on his side of the House. But when we come to the later years of his second Administration—1876, 1877, 1878, and 1879—Lord Beaconsfield appears to have taken leave of his former discretion; attempting to copy the defiant attitude of Lord Palmerston, with less astuteness, to win applause by martial bravado and peremptory diplomacy, strutting and crowing and flapping weak military wings over Europe, Asia, and Africa, exalting the flag of Imperialism, and assuming increased responsibilities of dominion. Mr. Froude condemns all these acts, in the Russo-Turkish War, the acquisition of Cyprus, the Afghan war, the Zulu war, and the annexation of the Transvaal, with considerable severity, while he censures the neglect of Lord Beaconsfield's Government to improve the agrarian condition and local administration of Ireland. As Mr. Froude is certainly no Gladstonian, his testimony with regard to the state of affairs when Lord Beaconsfield was deprived of power may be commended to the attention of the Primrose League. In this volume, besides the politics and the biographical notes, some account is given of Disraeli's famous books, "Coningsby," "Sybil," and "Tancred," with "Lothair," the chief production of his riper age; but it is late in the day to repeat a critical estimate of romances not likely to be much longer read.

THE FAITHFUL DOG OF HELVELLYN.

A monument has just been erected on Helvellyn to the memory of Charles Gough, who, in the year 1805, was killed by falling from the high crags on the ridge that



MONUMENT ON HELVELLYN TO THE MEMORY OF THE FAITHFUL DOG.

joins Striding Edge to the summit; and of the faithful dog who for three months watched over her master's remains. Sir Walter Scott describes the event in the poem "I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn," and Wordsworth records it in his lines on "Fidelity."

The young man was returning to Wythburn, where he lodged, from a fishing excursion in Patterdale. The accident was probably caused by a false step, during a blinding hail-storm or a dense fog that day. It happened on April 18, and on July 20 his bones were found, still watched by the starving dog, a little yellow rough-haired female terrier. She had given birth to puppies, which were found dead by the side of the corpse. It is believed, though unable to secure enough food for milk for her young, she maintained life by bits of Carrion sheep which are not unfrequently found on the hills; but she might have had to range far and wide during her three months' watch. The mere fact that the bones were found intact serves to prove the assertion that the dog did not touch the remains of her master, for dogs break the bones to suck the marrow. This animal died a few years afterwards at Kendal.

The merit of the suggestion to erect this monument belongs to Miss Frances Power Cobbe, whose design has been carried into execution by the aid of the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley, Vicar of Crosthwaite, both names of some repute in literature. The monument was erected by Messrs. Bromley, of Keswick, and our illustration is from a photograph by Mr. H. Mayson.

It is stated, on good authority, that Mr. Augustus Harris has secured the lease of Covent-Garden Theatre for fifteen months from Dec. 1.

The School Board for London, on Nov. 13, discussed the question of the hours of attendance of the officials, but no change was made in the existing arrangements. The solicitors to the board sent a letter respecting the resolution recently passed, and substituting proposals for their continued connection with the board. The matter was referred to a committee. Mr. Lucock, the only remaining original member of the board, forwarded an intimation of his intention to resign. Sir Richard Temple stated that the total charge in connection with the purchase of the site of the board's offices on the Embankment amounted to a little more than £75,000. Communications were read from the Poplar District Board of Works and the Fulham Vestry, protesting against the proposed purchase of pianos for the use of schools.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Since the performances last noticed by us, Madame Albani has again appeared, and Miss Ella Russell and M. Maurel have made their first appearances this season. The lady first-named sustained the character of Valentine in "Les Huguenots," a part that demands more vocal power and declamatory energy than most of those in which Madame Albani's great successes have been achieved. She sang with fine expression and genuine artistic feeling, although occasional signs were apparent—especially in the great duet with Raoul—of somewhat unduly taxed energies. The cast included a repetition of Mdlle. G. Ravagli's fine performance as the page, Urbano, Signor Perotti's excellent declamatory singing as Raoul, and other effective features as before.

M. Maurel was prevented, by sudden indisposition, from assuming the title-character in Verdi's "Rigoletto" as promised, on Nov. 10, when he was efficiently replaced by Signor Galassi. The postponed appearance of M. Maurel took place on Nov. 13, when the eminent French baritone sustained the character of Rigoletto, of which he gave a fine interpretation in all its aspects. While giving sufficient force to the simulated antics of the professional jester, and the intense grief and wrath at the betrayal of his beloved daughter, M. Maurel generally avoids the extreme exaggeration to which the part easily lends itself, and with which it is usually represented. His dramatic reading differs, in some points, from that of conventional usage; and whatever opinions may be held as to the result, it can scarcely be denied that the performance now referred to was highly studied in its intention, and artistically finished in its realisation, both vocally and dramatically. Mdlle. Stromfeld as Gilda, M. Dimitresco as the Duke, Madame L. Lablache as Maddalena, and Signor Meroles as Sparafucile contributed to the general efficiency of the cast.

Miss Ella Russell appeared as Elsa in "Lohengrin," and sang with great charm and expression. The powerful performances of Mdlle. G. Ravagli as Ortruda and of Signor Perotti as Lohengrin were again notable features. Signor Ardit and Signor Bevingnani have alternately exercised the office of conductor. Of subsequent performances we must speak hereafter. With Nov. 17 began the last week but one of the season.

The first of Sir Charles Hallé's new series of orchestral concerts at St. James's Hall (on Nov. 14) took place too late for comment till now. His fine Manchester band, conducted by himself, was heard in Beethoven's third "Leonora" overture, two of Dvorák's characteristic "Légendes," and Schubert's great symphony in C major—all which were admirably rendered. Madame Neruda (Lady Hallé) played Viotti's violin concerto in A minor with skilful execution and refined taste.

Mr. John Boosey's attractive "London Ballad Concerts" at St. James's Hall entered on their twenty-fifth season on Nov. 19, when a programme of vocal and instrumental music was put forward of a similar interest to that which has distinguished the concerts of previous seasons, and has given them a special place in London music. Besides the vocal performances of eminent singers, and solos by skilled instrumentalists, the excellent part-singing of Mr. Eaton Faning's select choir of about forty voices was again an agreeable feature in the opening programme of the new season.

The first concert of a new season of the Royal Choral Society, at the Royal Albert Hall, with a performance of "Elijah," included the appearance of Madame Schmidt-Koehne, from Berlin, and Madame Sviatlovsky, from Moscow, as two of the solo vocalists. The first-named lady displayed much dramatic power in the declamatory passages, and the other artist evidenced the possession of a voice of agreeable quality, somewhat marred by vibrato (apparently from nervousness). Both ladies might have been more successful had their pronunciation of English been better. The other principal soloists were Mr. B. Davies and Mr. W. Mills. Mr. Barnby conducted, as usual, and the chorus-singing was especially fine.

Another concert at the Royal Albert Hall, with Madame Adelina Patti as the chief attraction, was announced for Nov. 19, this having been stated to be her last appearance in London before her departure for Russia. These concerts are so much alike in character that detailed comment would be quite superfluous. Hackneyed opera airs, and familiar ballads by the great prima donna, are the prominent features.

The Saturday afternoon Popular Concert at St. James's Hall of Nov. 15 again included excellent pianoforte performances by Mr. L. Borwick, who (as at the evening concert of Nov. 3) justified the high encomiums which his special merits have elicited since his recent first public appearance in this country. The solos set down for him at the concert now referred to were pieces by Brahms, besides which the pianist was associated with Madame Neruda and Signor Piatti in Schumann's trio in D minor, the last-named executant having played Max Bruch's Hebrew melody intitled "Kol Nidri." Mr. H. Jones was the vocalist. At the evening concert of the following Monday, Mr. Borwick was again announced to appear, the string quartet party was the same as at the previous concerts, and Mr. H. Jones was engaged as vocalist.

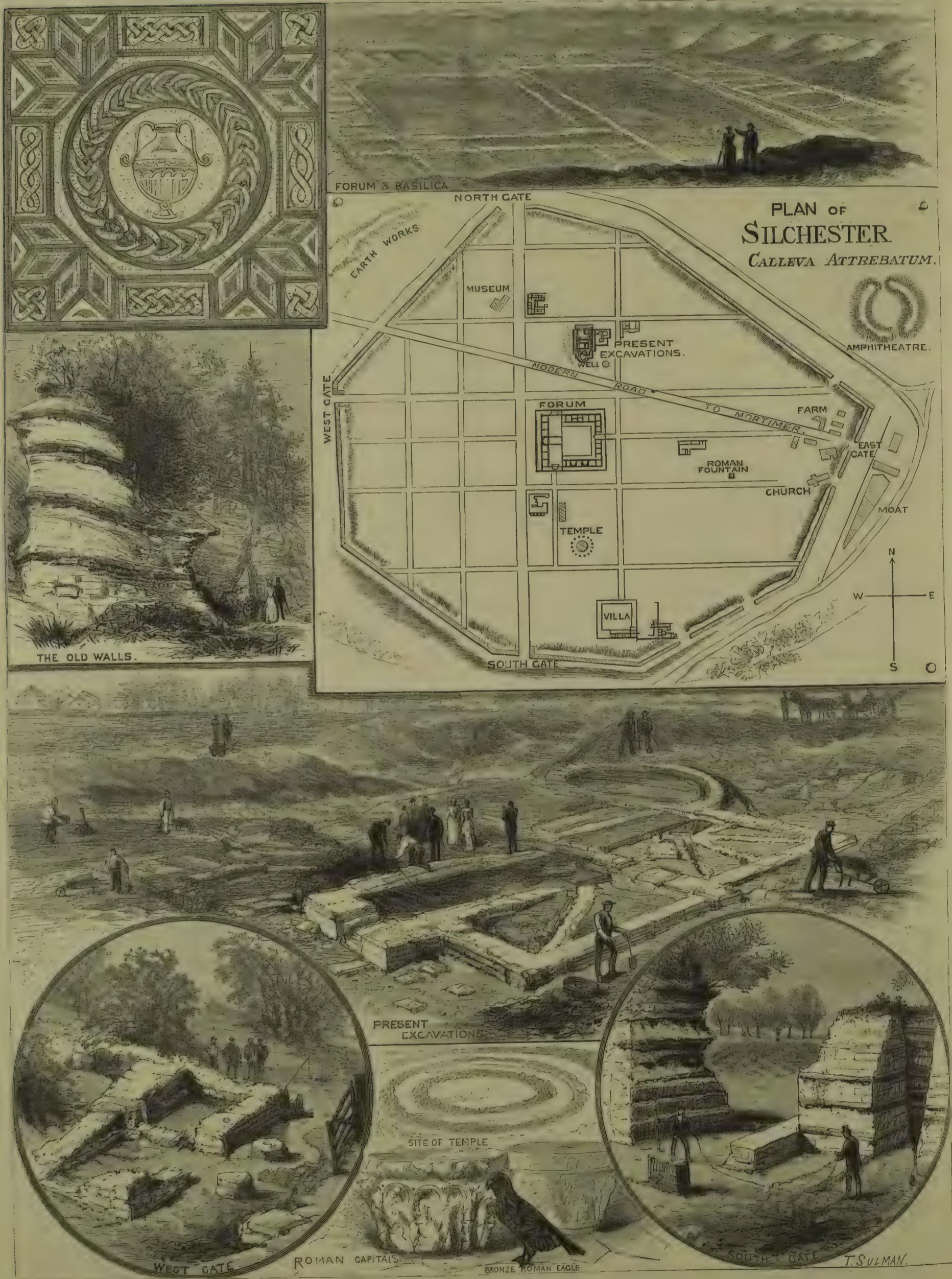
M. Paderewski's first recital, at St. James's Hall, displayed that eminent pianist's high accomplishments in the different styles of classical and brilliant music. In the first respect was his fine performance of Beethoven's sonata in C minor, Op. 111; while, in the modern bravura school, his execution of Liszt's "Don Juan" fantasia was a special example.

The sixth Saturday afternoon concert of the present series, at the Crystal Palace, on Nov. 15, brought forward, for the first time there, a concerto for the violoncello, composed by M. J. Hollman, who was its executant. This gentleman's skill on his instrument has been for some time recognised in this country as well as abroad. The concerto is well written for the display of technical skill, and it derived every advantage from its composer's performance. Miss Macintyre was the vocalist of the day.

That thriving institution the Hampstead Conservatoire is turning its success to good account under its efficient conductor, Mr. G. F. Geausset. The scheme of its new series of concerts, beginning on Nov. 17, comprises performances of some works of high importance. On the same date, the older-established Highbury Philharmonic Society also began a new season, "Elijah" having been announced for the occasion.

Mr. Henschell's excellent "London Symphony Concerts" at St. James's Hall were to enter on their fifth season on Nov. 20. This, and Señor Albeniz's second orchestral concert, on Nov. 21, must be spoken of hereafter.

Miss Rosa Kenney's recital at Steinway Hall, on Nov. 18, put forth a varied programme, which included the accomplished elocutionist's annual recitation of Lord Tennyson's "Guinevere" and other pieces, besides some musical performances. Miss Kenney has for some time gained distinction as an effective reciter, and she worthily sustains the name of her father, the late Charles Lamb Kenney, who was eminent as a dramatic critic and for general literary accomplishments.



EXCAVATIONS OF THE REMAINS OF A ROMAN CITY AT SILCHESTER.



GENERAL VIEW OF NORTH WALL, SHOWING FOSSE.

REMAINS OF THE ROMAN CITY, CALLEVA ATREBATUM, AT SILCHESTER.



SOUTH GATE, FROM INSIDE THE WALL.

SILCHESTER.

I see a vast area, flat, laid out in fields; an arable land, surrounded by a wall eleven to seventeen feet high. A broad modern road runs through it. A few low mounds rise here and there. You might drive through the road hardly noticing the wall as you enter this area, or as you go out of it. You might look across the flat land to right and left and never dream that, a foot or two below the surface, there lie the foundations and the floors, the tessellated pavements and the hypocausts of a great city, of which not a single tradition or memory survives. This is the ancient Calleva, once capital of the tribe or nation of the Atrebates. The meagre chronicle which contains the very few facts on record of the Anglo-Saxon Conquest gives no account of its conquest. Perhaps it was taken by Ælla after the destruction of Anderida on his march to Bath. Perhaps, like that place, it was sacked and destroyed, with a massacre of the people. The finding of burned wood clearly points to such a calamity. Perhaps it was only partly destroyed, some of the people being spared. These gradually died out or went away, because, as in so many other places, the old order being subverted there was no longer any need of the town, or any means of subsistence for the people. There are many other instances of the "Waste Chester"—the deserted town. Notably Rutupiæ, now

Richborough, has never been built upon or inhabited since the Romano-British occupation ceased. Porchester is another case: here a church was built in one corner and a Norman castle in another, but the great area within the walls has never been built upon. Pevensey is another case. Here again a Norman castle stands in one corner, but the area of the ancient town consists of unturned and untrodden turf. In all cases it is remarkable, as illustrating the thorough nature of the Conquest, that not a single legend survives or a single building stands above ground—except the crumbling walls—of the Roman period. At Silchester, as at Colchester, York, Verulam, London, and everywhere else, not a tradition or legend remains of the city before the coming of the English.

It was a rainy day when my visit was paid to Silchester. Our party consisted of a clergyman, F.S.A.; an archaeologist and artist well known to the readers of the *Illustrated London News* for thirty years past; and myself. Most fortunately, we found on the spot the hon. sec. of the Antiquaries, and were shown by him all that there is to see. As in all ancient places and monuments, the visitor, for want of a guide, might go away little wiser than when he came. With the friendly aid that we received, we all went away very much wiser, and ready to proclaim, with Rabelais, "that the greatest Treasures and most admirable Things are hidden under ground."

You can get to Silchester either from Paddington, changing

at Reading, for Mortimer, or from Waterloo, changing at Basingstoke. From Mortimer there is a walk of three miles, and one of the loveliest walks in the whole country. There is no village to speak of at Silchester itself, which consists chiefly of a farm and a church. Therefore, the prudent visitor should remember the luncheon-basket before starting. It is quite easy to see everything and to get back to town in time for dinner. But I would not recommend a visit during the winter months. Archaeology is best followed under a summer sky, with a soft breeze stirring the branches among the ruins, dry fields to walk among, and dry stones to clamber over. The town was built in square blocks—*insulae*—which can be traced when the corn is standing. The excavations, which are now under the direction of the Antiquaries' Society, are conducted block by block. The remains are found very near the surface, and, when they have been laid bare, planned, and sketched, are covered up again for preservation. It has been suggested that the ground might be purchased, the whole area uncovered and preserved open, as an example for all to see of a perfect Roman town in ground-plan. This project would be admirable, if the country would also go to the expense of roofing in the whole city with glass, otherwise the frost and rain would very soon—as may be seen by the examples before us—disintegrate the floors and break up the tessellated pavements. It is better to proceed in the



MOLLENDO, PERU, WEST COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA.

way now adopted by the Society—block by block—getting thus, by degrees, a complete plan of the whole.

Besides the discovery of foundations, many things are picked up among the ruins. These are all preserved in a small museum. The cases present the usual objects familiar in all museums of Roman antiquities. There are capitals, pottery of various kinds, implements and tools, weapons, toys, "safety" pins, locks, &c. Here is the foot of a statue, there is a little broken glass; and there are coins of a great many Roman Emperors, ranging from those of Claudius to those of the last Emperors before the legions were recalled.

The most interesting part of the place is the Forum, which may be completely studied. This is the official centre of the town. Here is the great Basilica, a hall 280 ft. long—40 ft. longer than Westminster Hall. It has an apse at one end, and an aisle is clearly marked by the site of pillars. On the west side of it are three great chambers for legal and civic business; on the east side is the Forum with its public office; on the south and on the north, its row of shops. Here the whole business of the city was carried on; here the people thronged—strolling about the ambulatory in fine weather, and in cold weather flocking into the Basilica. The town, though now so deserted, was connected by roads with London, Winchester, Old Sarum, Bath, and Cirencester; and it preserved some dignity as the former capital of the Atrebates. One cannot believe that the Roman conquest quite obliterated the memory of the old "nations," the tribes of Britain, each of which had its chief town—some of them large and important places. Here and there, as at Sorbiendum—Old Sarum—one was garrisoned by the Romans. Probably there was never any garrison at Calleva, and the security of their life, the perfect safety of the place, so far inland, so well protected, with its fine air, made it a favourite place with the Romano-Britons. Certainly, this safety caused the young men to grow up unused to arms and unfit to carry on war when their turn came.

A perfect ground-plan of a villa has been laid bare. It shows with what comfort and luxury the better class lived. The tenant of this house, which was probably of one storey only, had a cloister built round three sides of a quadrangle, the fourth side remaining open: it enclosed a small garden; but a larger garden lay outside. Behind the cloister he had large rooms for summer and for winter use. Those for the latter were warmed by hot-air pipes connected with great underground stoves, which can be seen. Behind these chambers was another cloister, and at the back were what we call the offices—kitchen, pantry, and larder—with, I suppose, sleeping-rooms for some of the household.

The large area occupied by this one villa would seem to show that the population could never have been very great. But then, we know so little: this may have been an exceptionally large house—nay, it must have been. Moreover, we know not how many slaves were attached to this household. Nor do we know, until other *insulae* have been examined, of what kind were the houses of the lower sort. Not the least valuable result of a complete examination will be the light thrown on the population of a Roman town and its distribution. The conclusions formed at Silchester will be usefully applied to London.

Outside, the great wall stretches round the town. It is not quadrangular, like Porchester, nor oval, like Sarum. It is an irregular polygon, following, most likely, the line of the older earthworks of the Atrebates. Its length is 2670 yards, and it encloses an area of 100 acres. These figures mean nothing: say, then, that Silchester is exactly the same size as the City of London. The wall is built without tiles. There is a layer of bonding-stones, then comes mortar, then flints—and so on. When the builders grew tired of flat bonding-stones, they adopted a herring-bone pattern. The gates are recessed for greater protection, so that an enemy would be exposed to weapons in flank. The wall is, indeed, a most beautiful monument. It is overhung with trees, and overgrown with creeping plants. I have walked about it twice—once five or six years ago, when the first glory of the early foliage under the sunshine of a warm May morning gave the monument a frame of exquisite beauty; and once the other day, when the autumn hues lent their splendours of yellow and of red to the grey stones of the wall, and glorified the coppice and undergrowth which fill up the fosse. The rain fell steadily, and the sky was dull, yet the Roman wall lost little of its beauty.

WALTER BESANT.

MR. STANLEY AND HIS REAR-GUARD: NEW BOOKS.

The Life of Edmund Musgrave Barttelot, Captain and Brevet-Major Royal Fusiliers, Commander of the Rear Column of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition: From his Letters and Diary. By Walter George Barttelot. (R. Bentley and Son.) *With Stanley's Rear Column.* By J. Rose Troup. (Chapman and Hall.)

Five Years with the Congo Cannibals. By Herbert Ward. (Chatto and Windus.)

We have noticed one of the books recently published containing the individual testimony of different members of the "Emin Pasha Relief Expedition." Mr. Mounteney Jephson's narrative of his separate experiences in accompanying Emin Pasha on the Albert Nyanza and the Upper White Nile requires no further comment. Public opinion is just now much less concerned with the propriety or expediency of the course adopted for dealing with the lost remnant of Egyptian rule, in the Equatorial provinces of the Soudan, than it is excited by the painful disputes between Mr. Stanley and the surviving officers of his "Rear-guard" left behind at Yambuya; and by what is incomparably more shocking, the hideous accusations of cruelty brought against two gentlemen who died in Africa, which are seemingly accepted by Mr. Stanley, but which few Englishmen will credit without more convincing proofs than a witness like Assad Farran. With regard to the late Major Edmund Barttelot, whose "Life, Diaries, and Letters," edited by his brother, we have perused with much interest, there will probably be a more fitting occasion than at present to examine, in the light of its revelations of a gallant and generous character, the distinct cases of alleged savage ferocity specified by Mr. Bonny. To render these acts credible, however, Mr. Bonny has started the theory that Major Barttelot was insane. But any reader of the long official report written by him to Sir William Mackinnon from June 4 to June 10, 1888, and of the letters he wrote that week to his father and others of his family, to Sir Redvers Buller, Major Selater, and Mr. G. De Trafford, with the entries in his journal, the instructions to Mr. Bonny, and the latest letters, down to July 6, will perceive that Major Barttelot was in full possession of his intellect to within a fortnight of his death, which took place on July 19. It will also be observed that his private correspondence often expresses sentiments of humanity and kindness for the natives; and he speaks very tenderly of the little boy Sudi, who is said to have died from the effects of his cruelty. Whatever Mr. Bonny saw with his own eyes should be matter of special examination. His official

report to Mr. Stanley, written immediately after Major Barttelot's death, and his letter to Sir Walter Barttelot, a month after, give his opinion that the Major had gone mad, but do not mention the particular acts described in his recent statement of Nov. 8, published in the *Times*, of Nov. 10, more than two years subsequently, and confirmed only by Assad Farran. With reference to one remarkable incident, the conversation with Mr. Bonny about poisoning, it appears from Mr. Troup's book that Major Barttelot suspected the Arabs of a design to poison him, and he may, therefore, have wanted to learn about tasteless poisons; or he may have diverted himself, very wrongly, in frightening Mr. Bonny with a pretended intention to poison Selim Mohammed. There is some likelihood in Barttelot and Jameson, two young men, desperately bored by their dismal situation, amusing themselves at the expense of one of their subordinate officers, whose society was not to their taste. "A mixture of conceit, bravery, and ignorance" was the Major's opinion of Mr. Bonny.

The revolting story of Mr. Jameson's procuring a little girl to be slaughtered and eaten by cannibals, that he might indulge a morbid fancy by drawing six sketches of the operations, could not be proved by the fact that several persons have seen the sketches. They might possibly have been imaginary, and might have been displayed by the artist as a foolish and rather culpable hoax. According to the statement of Assad Farran, which has now been published in the *Times* of Nov. 11, and constituted the only direct evidence upon which this story rested, the atrocity would have taken place during Mr. Jameson's returning journey from Kasongo, which is about five hundred miles from Yambuya, where the other Europeans were; it must have been early in the month of May, at Riba Riba, a place well known. It is stated that Mr. Jameson was in company with Tippoo Tib, the great Arab ivory merchant and slave-trader, the ruler of the Manyema country, who is also Wali or Governor of the Stanley Falls station and Upper Congo province, a high officer of the Congo Free State by Mr. Stanley's appointment. This horrid spectacle is said to have been arranged between the host and guest. Mr. Jameson disbelieved in the practice of cannibalism in Africa; he remarked that no white man had ever seen it. Tippoo Tib then offered to show it to him, if Mr. Jameson would pay for a slave to be eaten by the men there present. Mr. Jameson is said to have purchased the little girl at the price of some handkerchiefs, and to have seen her killed and devoured. But if Mr. Stanley gives credence to this evil story about Mr. Jameson, what does he say to his old friend Tippoo Tib, his former trusted ally, whom he has made the official ruler of the Upper Congo? Tippoo Tib is personally well known at Zanzibar. Has anybody asked him whether this story is true? Has the Congo Free State Government called him to account for it? Does the Moslem religion or law, of which Tippoo Tib is a Pharisaeic professor, sanction cannibalism? The other witness, Saleh ben Osman, says that Tippoo Tib was not there, but that Hamadi ben Dow, also a Zanzibar Mussulman, handed over the girl to Mr. Jameson. This is not Assad Farran's story; but is either of them a true account? The whole affair might have seemed an entire fable, but for the production, so late as Nov. 15, of Mr. Jameson's own letter to Sir William Mackinnon, dated Aug. 3, 1888, in which he gives an explanation that is not creditable to himself. Mr. Jameson says that he did not purchase the girl, that he gave the handkerchiefs only as a present to one of the Arabs; but that the Wakusu slaves, who are cannibals, acting apparently by their master's permission, killed and ate the girl, to which Mr. Jameson did not consent. He calls it "the most horrible scene I ever witnessed in my life." It is a shame to have witnessed it. The sketches were made afterwards, the same evening, not, as Assad Farran says, on the spot. Assad Farran, on Sept. 25, 1888, retracted the principal charge against Mr. Jameson, that of buying the girl, adding, "The story is entirely untrue." So much as is true, nevertheless, is a very disgraceful story.

It comes to this, however: whether Mr. Stanley's judgment, because he is the most renowned personal leader of African travelling parties, is on all points infallible, so that his endorsement of the accusations precludes any defence? Were his plans for the Expedition judicious? They were assuredly not successful. The choice of the Congo route, and of the march through the unknown forest, was apparently dictated by the policy of the Congo Free State, which sought to annex Emin Pasha's Nile province to its own dominions. The employment of Tippoo Tib, a powerful enemy who had recently captured the Free State station at the Stanley Falls, was a curious act of diplomacy; as they could not put him down, they converted him into a Governor with nominal allegiance, and brought him up the Congo with great show of friendly confidence. Tippoo Tib was to be handsomely paid for the services of 600 native porters to carry the relief supplies to Emin Pasha, and to return with Emin Pasha's hoard of ivory, which was worth £75,000 at Wadelai and £112,000 at the sea-coast. The value of this ivory was partly to repay the expenses of the Relief Expedition, but Tippoo Tib would have his share. The ivory would be lodged in the rear-guard camp at Yambuya, and there embarked to be sent down the Congo for sale. But when Mr. Stanley had struggled through the forest to Lake Albert Nyanza, finding it a toilsome six months' march, that intention was abandoned. The Aruwimi route had proved unsuitable for the conveyance of large quantities of stores and merchandise. It could not be made a connecting link between the Congo State and the Upper Nile. Mr. Stanley, therefore, did not urge his first proposal to Emin Pasha on behalf of the King of the Belgians. Instead of that, as the leading members of the Expedition Committee in London were about to start the British East Africa Company. Mr. Stanley, who had already negotiated for them a cession of coast territory by the Sultan of Zanzibar, now offered to Emin the means of continuing his administration under the British Company. Emin, as we know, did not wish to leave his post, and his Soudanese garrison at Wadelai did not mutiny until their fears were excited by the rumour that Mr. Stanley was coming to take them away. In the meantime it became known that the ivory was not to be got. Tippoo Tib, though a long way distant up the Congo, was well informed of the state of affairs on the Albert Nyanza. As he saw no chance of enriching himself, and he was disappointed of the store of gunpowder that Mr. Stanley had promised him, Tippoo Tib resolved to evade performance of his contract for the 600 Manyema porters. The consequence was that Major Barttelot and the rear-guard left behind at Yambuya in June 1887, with an immense dépôt of stores, could procure no means of conveyance. During fourteen months they saw and heard nothing of Mr. Stanley. The disaster to this part of the expedition was complete. Mr. Stanley contends that it was all their fault. Public opinion is now invited to decide whether they—Major Barttelot, Mr. Jameson, Mr. Troup, and Mr. Herbert Ward—Mr. Bonny was a subordinate officer—failed in their duty. Out of this angry controversy have sprung the more heinous charges of cruelty against the first-named two gentlemen. If Mr. Stanley's opinion of their conduct during his long absence is to be adopted without question, it can only be that such a famous man is always necessarily wise and right. But had not Mr. Stanley made

some considerable mistakes in the general design and conduct of the Expedition? By the labours of nearly three years, an expenditure of £30,000, and the sacrifice of more than 500 lives, what good was achieved? Only a few interesting geographical discoveries about Mount Ruwenzori, the Albert Edward Nyanza, and the source of the Nile. The British East Africa Company may indeed hereafter profit by an improved acquaintance with the countries west of the Victoria Nyanza. But the Expedition, for its ostensible purposes, was not a success. Mr. Stanley is therefore capable of errors in judgement. He believes in elephants living 300 or 400 years, and in trees 3000 or 4000 years old.

We have nothing but commendation to bestow on the three new books—those of Mr. Walter Barttelot, Mr. John Rose Troup, and Mr. Herbert Ward—the titles of which are enumerated at the head of this article. They will shortly be followed by the publication of Mr. Jameson's diaries and letters. With regard to Major Barttelot, it is but just to remember that this young officer, who had served with much credit in the Afghan war at Candahar, and in the Khartoum expedition, meriting and winning the good opinion of Lord Wolseley, Sir Redvers Buller, and other Generals, had had no experience of Tropical Africa, and it was most unfortunate that he should have been placed in command of the Zanzibar men, as well as the Soudanese soldiers, in the camp at Yambuya. It cannot be denied that, on more than one occasion, he persisted in ordering punishments of cruel severity. The case of John Henry, a mission lad acting as interpreter, who had absconded and sold Major Barttelot's revolver for food, is attested by Mr. Troup and Mr. Bonny, and virtually by the entries in Major Barttelot's own journal. This young man received three hundred lashes on April 23, 1888, and died of the flogging two days afterwards. Major Barttelot's memory, we regret to observe, is not cleared of the censure due to such excesses in the exercise of military discipline, and he often lost his temper; but Mr. Troup and Mr. Herbert Ward think him incapable of the horrid acts of personal ferocity alleged to have been perpetrated after their final departure from the camp.

Mr. Troup, who was six weeks ill, confined to his bed, and thought to be dying, before he left Yambuya on June 9, could not prevent the excessive severities of which he disapproved; Mr. Ward had been sent down the river two months before; and Mr. Jameson was a good deal away on special errands to Stanley Falls. It is unjust to hold these members of the Expedition, all civilians, in any way responsible for whatever may have been done wrong in their absence. Mr. Bonny was there all the time, and is the sole European witness; he was a soldier, a non-commissioned officer, and might have remonstrated, one would think, more effectually than he did. For all that took place at Yambuya before he left, Mr. Troup's evidence, which has the appearance of perfect candour and veracity, is the most complete. No one has charged him with any serious fault, though Mr. Stanley has been angry with him, unreasonably enough, for not overruling the decisions of his superior officer, Major Barttelot, and insisting on the rear-column, with G30 loads to carry and 175 men to carry them, setting forth after Mr. Stanley by the impracticable forest path. Mr. Stanley's further complaint, that when a portion of the loads had to be sent down to Bangala, his own personal luggage went with it, seems hardly worthy of an answer. We are much pleased with the temperate, modest, and equitable tone of Mr. Troup's narrative, the first part of which relates all the details of his work on the Lower Congo, in charge of the transport of stores from Banana Point and Boma, and for some distance, avoiding the cataracts, by overland carriage, to Kinshassa, on Stanley Pool, with the long river voyage thence up to the Aruwimi. Mr. Troup had previously served three years as an officer of the Congo State, had been in command of the stations at Vivi and Léopoldville, and had earned Mr. Stanley's approbation. His book, furnished with a good map, and adorned with fine portraits and other illustrations, is one of the most agreeable and instructive upon this subject.

Mr. Herbert Ward, likewise a former officer of the Congo State, joined the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition as it went up the Congo, proceeded from Bolobo to Yambuya with Mr. Troup and Mr. Bonny, in the steamer conveying stores and men, and was afterwards most actively employed in dealings with the Arabs and native tribes between the Aruwimi and Stanley Falls, and down the river to Bangala. He was sent latterly by Major Barttelot to the Portuguese stations on the sea-coast, for the purpose of telegraphing to England the distressed condition of the rear-guard, and asking further instructions. Returning to Bangala, he remained there in charge of the stores brought down from Yambuya, and there he received Mr. Jameson, dying of fever, and was his kind attendant to the hour of his death. This is hardly a convenient opportunity to review Mr. Ward's book, the contents of which are mostly descriptive of native manners and customs among various tribes of the Congo, whether "cannibals" or not; and of the affairs of the Congo State Government in his time, including an account, obtained from Mr. Deane, the survivor, of the Arab attack on Stanley Falls in 1866. It is a handsome volume, with numerous illustrations, presenting many scenes and adventures of an exciting character; but its references to the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition are not of substantial importance to the controversy going on at the present moment.

The portraits of Mr. Jameson, Mr. Troup, and Mr. Ward, presented on another page, are copied from Mr. Troup's book; and that of Major Barttelot, from the volume of his "Letters and Diaries," publications which we do not hesitate to commend to our readers.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts has consented to become the Lady President of the Grosvenor Hospital for Women and Children, Vincent-square, Westminster.

Sir Charles J. Pearson, the Solicitor-General for Scotland, has been elected without opposition as member for the Universities of Edinburgh and St. Andrews, in succession to Mr. Stormont Darling, now a Scottish Judge.

The marriage of the Rev. Canon Whitefoord, Principal of the Salisbury Theological College, with the Hon. Mrs. Powell, widow of Captain Powell, of Hurdcott, was solemnised at the Salisbury Cathedral on Nov. 13, in the presence of a large number of relatives, students of the college, and friends. The service was fully choral. The Bishop performed the ceremony. The bride was given away by Mr. St. Lawrence Tighe. The bridegroom's best man was the Hon. Christopher Bouvier.

The marriage of Colonel George Paton, C.M.G., commanding the 24th Regiment, to Miss N. Walker, daughter of Mr. E. Walker of Careycroft, Ilants, was solemnised on Nov. 13 at St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square, in the presence of a large gathering. The chancel rails and altar table were decorated with hothouse flowers, while the centre aisle was lined with the non-commissioned officers of the bridegroom's regiment. The ceremony was fully choral. The bride, who was given away by her brother, wore a costume of ivory-white satin draped with point lace. The bridesmaids were Miss R. Walker, Miss Farley-Paley, Miss Soltau-Symonds, and Miss Lumsden. Colonel M. P. Blake acted as best man.

PHILLIPS'S

ROYAL
WORCESTER
CHINA

A VERY BEAUTIFUL JARDINIÈRE,

18 inches wide, 11 inches high. Ivory Body, Rich Raised Gold Decorations.

£100 pair.

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Splendid Selection of Vases in Stock, from 1 guinea to 1200 guineas pair.

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DESSERT SERVICES. TOILET SETS.
DINNER SERVICES.
TEA SETS. BREAKFAST SERVICES.
CLASS SERVICES.

Twelve Dinner and Dessert Tables on View, set out complete in the latest fashions.

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ORIENTAL PEARLS. Choice string Pearl Necklaces, in single, three, or five rows, from £10 to £500; also an immense variety of Pearl and Gold mounted Ornaments, suitable for Bridesmaids' and Wedding Presents.

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Fine Diamond Crescent and Bar Brooch, Price, £10.

Goods forwarded to the country for selection.



Fine Diamond 5-stone Half-Hoop Rings, from £15 to £200.



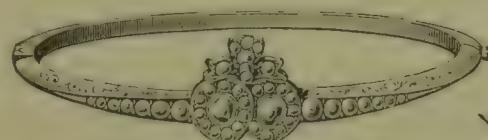
Fine Diamond 3-row Crescent, to form Brooch, Hair-Pin, or Pendant, £50.



Fine Pearl and Diamond Double Heart and Tie Ring, £18 10s.



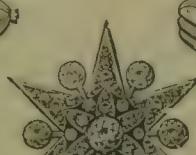
Fine Diamond and Moonstone Heart Pendant, £10.



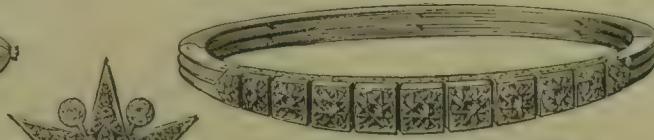
Fine Pearl Double-Heart Bracelet, £5 10s.



Diamond and Enamel Brooch, £9.



Fine Diamond Star to form Brooch, Pendant, or Hair-Pin, £20.



Fine Diamond and Half-Hoop Bracelets, from £20.



Diamond Three-Swallow Safety Brooch, £5.

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A magnificent assortment of Rings, Stars, Sprays, Tiaras, Necklaces, &c., composed of the finest White Diamonds, mounted in special and original designs, and sold direct to the public at merchants' cash prices, thus saving purchasers all intermediate profits.

SAPPHIRES from Ceylon, but with London cutting, mounted alone, or with Diamonds, in a great variety of ornaments.

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Orders executed with the utmost care and faithfulness under the immediate supervision of a member of the Company. Where the selection is left to the firm, customers may rely upon good taste and discretion being used, and the prices being exactly the same as if a personal selection were made.

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MEDALS.—Awarded Nine Gold Medals, and the Cross of the Legion of Honour, a special distinction conferred on this Firm for the excellence of their manufactures.

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Manufactory: CLERKENWELL.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

America, so often leading in human progress, and above all in widening the opportunities and admitting the co-operation of women, has just taken a most important step. There is to be a great "World's Fair" held in 1893, under the authority of an Act of Congress, to celebrate the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus. After considerable competition among various great cities of the States, it has been settled that the exposition is to be held in Chicago. The management of the event is committed by Congress to a commission, national in its composition, having two members on it to represent each State and each Territory. By the Act of Congress, these commissioners were "required to appoint a Board of lady managers, of such number, and to perform such duties, as may be prescribed by said commission." In accordance with this provision, the commissioners have appointed a board of ladies equal in number to themselves—two for each State and Territory. These ladies are authorised to examine all objects entered for display, and to ascertain which among them have been produced in whole or in part by female labour; they are to appoint members of all committees authorised to make awards of prizes, so far as the sections in which female labour is represented go; and they are to prepare and present a full report, on the close of the exhibition, to the President of the United States as to the results of and the lessons learned from the exposition.

This recognition of the direct representation of women on the governing body of a great international exhibition is quite a new departure. It is very appropriate that it should have occurred in this particular case, because we all know how much Queen Isabella of Castile had to do with the success of the bold enterprise of Columbus. Beaten down and disheartened, Columbus found a friend at his lowest point of hope and prospect in his Queen: she was ready to listen to the arguments that he had to adduce as to the necessary existence of the great continent, and not only to put faith in his ultimate success, but openly to pledge herself to his cause, and to provide some of his funds by the sale of her own jewels.

On the monument at Granada, where the Sovereigns Ferdinand and Isabella are represented lying side by side, it is seen that the head of the Queen is apparently far heavier than that of the King—the dent which hers makes in the pillow is deeper than that which her husband's impresses. This was done intentionally—so the guide declares—to mark the sense of their subjects that Isabella had the greater mind

and the larger brain. It is appropriate enough, therefore, that this first recognition by a great State of the right of women to manage their own share of an exhibition should be given in connection with the celebration of an event which is one of Isabella's greatest claims to posthumous honour.

It is already clear that women are going to make their influence felt in this great undertaking. A large number of influential business and professional women from all parts of the United States have formed what they have called "The Queen Isabella Association." They have already (taking time by the forelock) arranged for the preparation and erection of a marble statue of Queen Isabella, in the grounds of the Exposition; and also of an "Isabella Pavilion," which will form the headquarters of the association, with separate club-rooms in the building set apart for the exclusive use of the women of any profession which can muster 300 members to join the association, paying a subscription of one dollar each. It is already certain that there will be a women journalists' suite of rooms, a medical women's suite, and a women lawyers' suite. For the general use of women there are to be in the Pavilion writing and drawing-rooms, an "emergency department," where women accidentally hurt or taken suddenly ill will find a trained nurse and "first aid" remedies; a sewing-room for rendering "first aid" to injured gowns; a free fountain of ice-water; and, most original of all, a nursery where mothers may have their babies taken care of for a time at a small charge. Conferences and discussions on all subjects specially interesting to women of every grade and class are to be held from time to time.

This unique building is appropriately being designed by a woman architect—Miss Minerva Parker, of Philadelphia—who is only twenty-eight years old. Her grandfather was an architect, her father (killed in the Civil War soon after her birth) was a lawyer. Miss Parker is already celebrated in her profession. The statue of Queen Isabella will be the work of the famous American woman-sculptor whose studio has long been one of the show places of Rome, Miss Harriet Hosmer. The association is setting its influence strongly against any idea of having a special "woman's section," observing, with great justice, that a large part of women's work in that case goes to swell the general section, and fails to receive any recognition as having been performed by women, while the necessarily inferior articles ticketed as female productions are mistaken for the entire achievements of the sex.

It is, at first sight, odd that all the four ladies on the London School Board should have voted in favour of

purchasing pianos—an expenditure not great in itself, but on which the indignation of the public has been turned. It is not so strange, however, when one knows that all those ladies belong to one side—the Liberal. This is a curious commentary on the oft-repeated assertion that "women are all Tories." Politics ought not to influence School Board elections, or municipal elections; but they do generally, in fact, decide the case, so thoroughly is the evil system of party engrained in our habits. Yet party in politics is really like an infallible hierarchy in religion—it gives over the direction of a man's actions to others, and so frees him from the consciousness of moral obligation. The more unquestioningly a man follows his leaders, the better party politician he is, and, though that blind obedience destroys the very object of representative institutions, it is all that is asked of him, and it is what he must stoop to if he desire to win the support and thanks of the rest of his party. The same evil spirit has penetrated from Imperial affairs into our municipal life, and the petty tyranny of small "leaders" gradually drives away from local affairs men and women who possess robust independence and sincerity of conscience. Every effort that any of us can individually make against this blighting influence is a good effort. But unhappily the evil is not sufficiently realised among us to be effectively struggled against.

There was a time when "Liberals" held retrenchment and economy for their creed. In School Board matters, at all events, now, the reverse is their attribute. All expenditure is approved, merely because economy can be stigmatised as "starving education" and so on. Liberal lady members naturally, therefore, voted for the pianos. But I should add that there is some misunderstanding about that piano proposition. It is not intended to teach the Board School children to play on the piano: the instruments are only to be used for accompanying the class singing and for leading the marching and drill exercises. All the same, I cannot think that they are necessities for elementary schools, and any expenditure which is not necessary in School Board matters is a blunder, because extravagance must ultimately produce a reaction that will, in fact, lead to "starving" education.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

For the first time in his year of office the new Lord Mayor presided on Nov. 13 over the Court of Aldermen, and subsequently at a meeting of the Court of Common Council. Votes of thanks to Sir Henry Isaacs, the late Lord Mayor, were passed at both meetings.

WM JOYNSON & SONS

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IN HIGHLY GLAZED PAPERS.**

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Prevents the decay of the TEETH.

Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE.

Removes all traces of Tobacco smoke.

Is perfectly harmless and delicious to the Taste.

Is partly composed of Honey, and extracts from sweet herbs and plants.

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

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FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER, only put in glass jars. Price 1s.

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WHITE & MODERN CUT

MOUNTED from £5. to £5,000.

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THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from falling off.

Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.

Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour.

IS NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin, or even white linen.

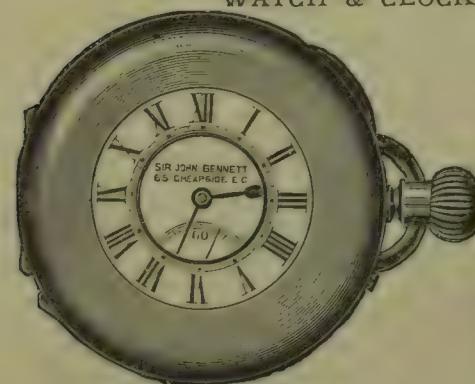
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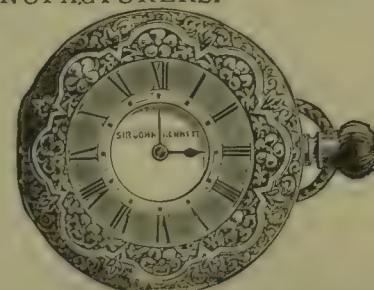
£25. — A STANDARD GOLD KEYLESS 3-PLATE HALF-CHRONOMETER WATCH, accurately timed for all climates. Jewelled in thirteen actions. In massive 18-carat case, with Monogram richly embossed. Free and safe per post.

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SILVER WATCHES, from £2.

GOLD WATCHES, from £5.

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Imparts NEW LIFE AND VIGOUR TO THE SYSTEM, maintains a clear, healthy condition of the Skin, and Destroys the sources of Bad Complexion. It is a certain Guarantee of Health when regularly used, and a most valuable remedy for relieving the torture of SEA-SICKNESS.

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160 Pieces rich Bengaline Silk, latest colourings, 5s. 6d. per yard.

Black and coloured Fancy Velvets, new designs.

Scotch Tweeds and other Fancy Materials, from 1s. 6d. per yard.

Plain Dress Cloths, in every shade, from 1s. 6d. to 6s. 11d. per yard.

Velveteens in fifty new colourings, 2s., 2s. 11d., and 3s. 11d. per yard.

West of England Serges, exceptional value.

160 Silk Dinner Dresses, rich combinations, from Six Guineas.

200 Cloth Costumes, handsomely braided, with ample material and trimming for bodice, 39s. 6d.

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1000 Autumn Jackets, black and all fashionable colours, plain, braided, and trimmed Furs, 31s. 6d. to Ten Guineas.

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500 Travelling Mantles and Ulsters, in Tweeds and Plain and Brocaded Cloths, Two to Ten Guineas.

Trimmed and untrimmed Hats and Bonnets, latest fashions, 4s. 11d. to Five Guineas.

275 Tea-Gowns and Toilet Gowns, handsomely embroidered and trimmed silk, 21s. to 65s.

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Hollandsch Tandpoeder, 1s. and 6d. per box.
Hollandsch Tandpasta, 2s. 6d. and 3s. per box.
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Sole Agents: R. HOVENDEN & SONS, London.

An excellent preparation
for cleaning the teeth
and purifying the breath.

"THERE IS UNQUESTIONABLY" no better remedy in the whole world for all cough and throat troubles than KEATING'S LOZENGES—any medical man will assure you of this fact. Relief is speedy; they contain no strong-acting, but only simple, drugs; the most delicate can take them. Sold everywhere, in 15d. tins.

We're a capital couple the Moon and I,
I polish the Earth, she brightens the sky;
And we both declare, as half the world knows,
Though a capital couple, we "WONT WASH CLOTHES".

BROOKE'S SOAP.

4d. a Large Bar.

For Pots and Pans. For Mantels and Marbles. For Fire-Irons and Gas Globes. For a thousand things in the Household, the Factory, the Shop, and on Shipboard.

WILL DO A DAY'S WORK IN AN HOUR.

The World's most Marvelous Cleanser and Polisher. Makes Tin like Silver, Copper like Gold, Paint like New, Windows like Crystal, Brassware like Mirrors, Spotless Earthenware, Crockery like Marble, Marble White.

TO STOUT PEOPLE.

Sunday Times says: "Mr. Russell's aim is to ERADICATE the disease, and that he is doing so the world seems beyond all doubt. The medicine he prescribes is NOT LIVER, BUT BUILDS UP AND TONES THE SYSTEM." Book 10s. Postage, 1s. 6d. per week. This will rapidly cure OBESITY (average reduction in first week is 3 lbs.), post free eight stamps.

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WHERE ALL DESIGNS IN "FAIRY" LAMPS CAN BE SEEN, WHOLESALE ONLY. RETAIL EVERYWHERE.

For Wills and Bequests, see page 666.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 30, 1886) of Mr. Henry John Hunt, late of Necton House, Brixton-hill, who died on Aug. 24 last, at Redhill, was proved on Nov. 4 by John Charles Bell, the nephew, and George Renton Hunt and Henry William Hunt, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £236,000. The testator bequeaths £500 each to the Agricultural Benevolent Society, the Lambeth Pension Society, the Railway Benevolent Institution, and the Commercial Travellers' Schools; £250 each to the Brixton Orphan Asylum (Barrington-road), the Infant Orphan Asylum (Wanstead), the Orphan Working School (Haverstock-hill), the Royal Alfred Seamen's Hospital, the Dreadnought Hospital (Greenwich), the Asylum for Idiots (Redhill), the Institute for the Homeless and Destitute for the ships, and a like sum to the same institute for the homes, Dr. Barnardo's Homes (Stepney), and the Cottage Hospital (Redhill); £200 to the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb (Old Kent-road); £100 to the South London Dispensary; £100 to the Vicar and Churchwardens of St. Saviour (Brixton) for the benefit of the poor of that district; £50 towards the repairs of the Church of St. Lawrence, Whitwell, Yorkshire; £1000, and his furniture, plate, and effects, horses and carriages, to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Hunt; his residence, Necton House, to his wife, for life, and then to his son Henry William; his house Greenbank, at Redhill, to his son George Renton; £4000 each to his sons John Oliver, George Renton, and Henry William; £2000 each to his daughters Mrs. Elizabeth Nash and Mrs. Frances Jarman; £3500 to his daughter Emily Hunt; £2000 to his son-in-law William Arthur Jarman; £1500 to his nephew, John Charles Bell; £1000 to his son-in-law Frederick William Nash; and very numerous legacies to grandchildren and other relatives and others. The residue of his personal estate (except leaseholds) is left, upon trusts, for accumulation for fifteen years from the time of his decease. His freehold houses and cottages at Retford, Worksop, and Carlton, Notts, and Wadworth, near Doncaster, he devises to his son Henry William, for life, then to his son's wife, Rebecca, for life, and on the death of the survivor to their children. Certain freehold cottages at Brixton he devises to his son John Oliver, for life; then to his son's wife, Alice, for life; and then to their only child, John Oliver. The residue of his freehold and leasehold estates he leaves upon trusts, under which Mr. Bell is to have the

management of the same for fifteen years from his death, and to receive £500 per annum for his trouble in so doing; and out of the income £500 per annum is to be paid to his wife; £400 per annum to each of his three sons; £300 per annum to each of his three daughters; and annuities to sons-in-law, daughters-in-law, grandchildren, and others. The trustees are authorised to pay seven shillings per week to six old and aged tenants on his Battersea estate, £20 per annum between tenants on the same estate who keep their houses neat and tidy, and £50 per annum for medical attendance to tenants on Battersea estate. At the expiration of fifteen years from his death all the properties are to be sold, and, after provision has been made for the due payment of the annuities, the ultimate residue of his real and personal estate is to be divided between his sons, daughters, sons-in-law, daughters-in-law (except the wife of his son John Oliver), and their children, and his said nephew John Charles Bell.

The will (dated Oct. 14, 1890) of Mr. Edward Llewellyn Thomas, late of Ystrad Mynach, and of The Heath, Cardiff, both in the county of Glamorgan, who died on Oct. 16 last, at the Burlington Hotel, Cork-street, was proved on Nov. 12 by Stonewell Edward Illingworth and Howard Charles Kennard, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £67,000. The testator bequeaths legacies to executors and others. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he gives one moiety to his mother; and one sixth, upon trust, for each of his sisters, Mrs. Lindsay, Rosa Maude, and Gladys Jessie.

The will (dated March 29, 1882) of Mr. Edward Fitzroy Talbot, late of 15, Upper Berkeley-street, who died on Oct. 5 last, at the Manor House, Chiswick, was proved on Oct. 29 by Charles William Talbot Ponsonby, Lieutenant-Colonel Fitzroy Augustus Talbot Clayton, and Major Henry Charles Talbot, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £65,000. The testator bequeaths legacies to his sister, sister-in-law, nephews, nieces, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be divided into four equal portions, one of which he gives to each of his nephews. Charles Talbot Ponsonby, Fitzroy Clayton, and Henry Talbot, and one to his niece, Fanny McNeil.

The will (dated Feb. 19, 1886) of the Rev. Richard Gascoyne, late of 16, The Circus, Bath, who died on Sept. 29 last, was proved on Nov. 4 by William Whitehead Gascoyne, the nephew, and Frederick Lake, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £48,000. The

testator bequeaths £2000 Consols and £1000 Midland Railway Debenture Stock to the said William Whitehead Gascoyne; £1000 Midland Railway Debenture Stock to his nephew Alfred Wise; £4000 Preference Stock London and North-Western Railway, upon trust, for his niece Laura Timins Wardrop, for life, then as to £1000 for the said Alfred Wise, and as to £3000 for the said William Whitehead Gascoyne; and other legacies. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one fourth each to the said William Whitehead Gascoyne, his niece Kate Cooper, and Mary Fanny Lake; and one fourth between Anna Wise, Fanny Wise, and the said Mary Fanny Lake.

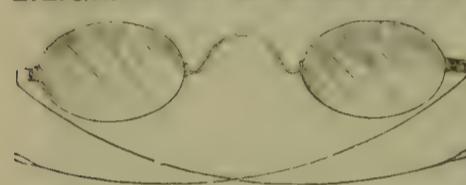
The will (dated July 6, 1887), with two codicils (dated July 24, 1889, and Sept. 6, 1890), of Mr. Peter Hood, M.D., late of 11, Seymour-street, Portman-square, and Upton House, Watford, Hertfordshire, who died on Sept. 18 last, was proved on Nov. 4 by Wharton Peter Hood, M.D., the son, Frederic Norman Griffith Propert, and Charles Baker Dimond, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £37,000. The testator bequeaths £1000, upon trust, for Edith Alice Briscoe, for life, and then for her children; and numerous legacies to children, grandchildren, and others. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he gives one third to his said son; one third, upon trust, for his daughter Edith Alice Hood, for life, and then for her children; and one third, upon trust, for his daughter Dame Katharine Millicent Palmer, for life, and then for her daughters.

The will (dated June 20, 1890) of Captain Robert William Dallas, late of Wardour Lodge, Sunningdale, Berks, who died on Sept. 15 last, was proved on Nov. 5 by Charles Caldwell Dallas, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £36,000. The testator gives, devises, bequeaths, and appoints all his property, both real and personal, to his son Charles Caldwell Dallas.

The will (dated Oct. 6, 1866), with a codicil (dated Sept. 7, 1874), of the Rev. James Walker Milner, formerly of Liverpool, and late of St. James's Vicarage, Birkenhead, who died on Aug. 19 last, was proved on Oct. 25 by Mrs. Mary Jane Milner, the widow, and Thomas Harrison, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £25,000. The testator bequeaths his household furniture and effects and £250 to his wife. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, if she shall so long continue his widow, and then for all his children. In the event of her marriage again,

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that makes
me feel so
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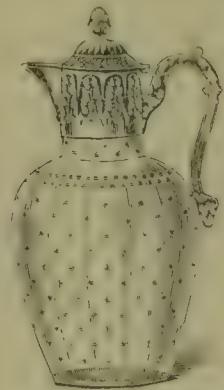
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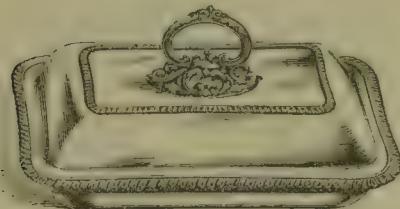
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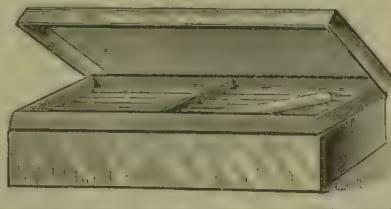
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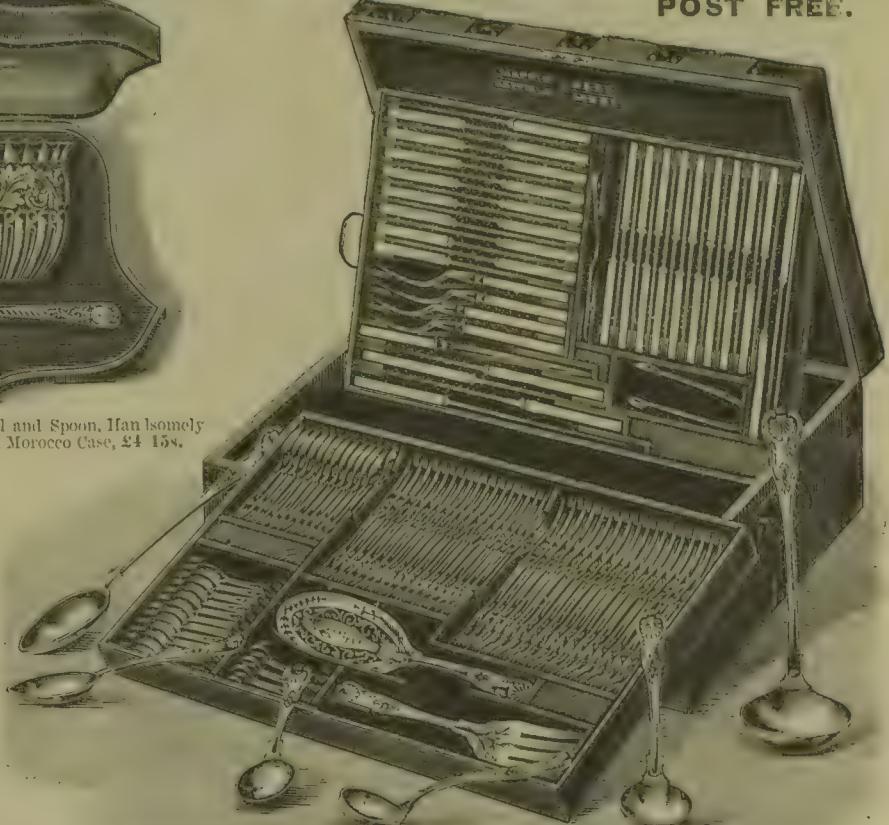
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ROAD, LONDON

his wife is to receive a portion of his estate, according to the number of his children.

The will (dated June 5, 1889) of Lady Frances Hannah Bisset, wife of General Sir James Jarvis Bisset, K.C.M.G., C.B., late of Shakespeare Lodge, Folkestone, who died on Aug. 29 last, was proved on Nov. 6 by Henry Elland Norton and Henry Turton Norton, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £15,000. The testatrix confirms her marriage settlement, and bequeaths £2000 to her cousin, Maria Man; and legacies to relatives, executors, and others. The residue of her property she leaves, upon trust, for her husband, for life. At his death she further bequeaths £1000 each to her cousin, John Alexander Man, and her godson, Paul Henry King; £1000, upon trust, for Mrs. Amy Morgan Masters (the daughter of her husband), for life, and then for Mrs. Masters's third son, Herbert Francis Hoskins Masters; and other legacies. The ultimate residue she gives to the said Mrs. Masters.

The will (dated July 26, 1888) of Mrs. Eleanor Eastham, late of Kirkby Lonsdale, Westmoreland, who died on Sept. 16, was proved on Oct. 29 by John Eastham and William Smith Cragg, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £11,000. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 towards the building of the church at Barbon, Kirkby Lonsdale; £1000 to be invested and the income paid to the incumbent, for the time being, of the said church; £1000 to be invested and the income applied to the organist and choir of the parish church of Kirkby Lonsdale; £500 to be invested and the income applied in lighting and heating the said parish church; £100 each to the Clergy Daughters' School (Casterton, Westmoreland), the Idiot Asylum (Lancaster), the Free Grammar School (Kirkby Lonsdale), the Kirkby Lonsdale National School, the

Kirkby Lonsdale Mechanics' Institute, and the Westmoreland Society (7, Bedford-row); and numerous legacies, pecuniary and specific. The residue of her property she gives to the said John Eastham.

Lord Aberdeen has written a letter offering to join with Mr. Bancroft in subscribing £1000 towards General Booth's scheme, on the condition that altogether a hundred persons each become responsible for a similar sum; so that only ninety-eight more donations of £1000 are now required.—General Booth addressed a crowded meeting in Exeter Hall on Nov. 17 in explanation of his social project as set forth in his recent work, "In Darkest England."

A shock of earthquake, which lasted about 30 sec., was experienced in Inverness at 5.50 in the evening of Nov. 15. A good deal of damage was done to property by the falling of gables, chimneys, &c. Half an hour afterwards a second shock was felt, but it was not of such a severe character. About six o'clock there was a sharp shock of earthquake at Forres. The disturbance was accompanied by a rumbling noise, with heaving and convulsion, which lasted from 15 sec to 20 sec. It was felt over a radius of several miles.

Mr. Goschen has been elected Lord Rector of Edinburgh University by a majority of 573 over his Gladstonian opponent, Sir Charles Russell; and Mr. Balfour, Lord Rector of Glasgow University by a majority of 231 over the Earl of Aberdeen.—The Marquis of Huntly and Professor Bryce have been nominated candidates for the Lord Rectorship of Aberdeen University. The polling takes place on Nov. 22.—At Oxford University the Burdett-Coutts Scholarship for 1890 has been awarded to Mr. F. T. Howard, B.A., Balliol College.—At Cambridge, Professor Ewing, of University College, Dundee,

has been elected to the Professorship of Mechanism and Applied Mechanics, vacant by the resignation of Mr. James Stuart, M.P. The value of the Professorship is £700 per annum. Mr. R. S. Cole, B.A., of Emmanuel College, has been appointed an additional demonstrator of the Cavendish laboratory. In response to the appeal of the Vice-Chancellor for outside assistance, Mr. Frank McClean has intimated his intention to found three University studentships, to be called the "Isaac Newton studentships." They are to be devoted to the study of astronomy, especially gravitational astronomy, but also including the other branches of astronomy and astronomical physics and physical optics. The candidate to be elected is to be a B.A. under twenty-five years of age.

The *Scots Observer* will in future appear under the title of the *National Observer*. It will continue, as heretofore, to be published simultaneously in London and Edinburgh.

A Court of Assistants of the Sons of the Clergy was held on Nov. 15 at the Corporation House, Bloomsbury-place. The total grants made amounted to £1475, of which £875 were voted on behalf of clergy children. The new Lord Mayor, Alderman Savory, is a member of the Court.

The Court of the Guild of Fishmongers have elected Mr. Joseph Travers Smith as their Prime Warden, in the room of Mr. John Hall, who recently died. Mr. Travers Smith is an old member of the Court, and he now fills the chair of the Company for the second time.

Sir John Lubbock, M.P., opened, in Clissold Park, Stoke Newington, on Nov. 15, a handsome granite drinking-fountain, erected by public subscription in recognition of the efforts of Mr. Joseph Beck and Mr. John Runtz, as leaders of the movement by which Clissold Park was secured to the public.

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Sung by Mr. Barrington Foote on Madame Adelina
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Sung by Miss Liza Lehmann at the Norwich Festival
and the Saturday Popular Concerts with great success.ALWAY THINE OWN (Toujours à Toi).
FRANCIS THOME.
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FRANCIS THOME.
By the Composer of "La Perle d'Or," "Serenade," &c.THE WOODLAND FLOWER.
A. GORING THOMAS.
In F and A flat.
Words by John Oxenford.THE WOODLAND FLOWER.
A. GORING THOMAS.
Sung by Mr. Barton McGuckin, Arthur Oswald, &c.THREE KNIGHTS OF OLD. F. Boscovitz.
New Baritone and Bass Song.
In G minor and A minor.THREE KNIGHTS OF OLD. F. Boscovitz.
New Song by the Author of "Jack's Wedding Morn."
Sung by Mr. Norman Salmon and M. Eugene Oudin.WHEN I GAZE UPON THE LILY.
EUGENE OUDIN.
In E flat, F, and G.
Words by Esperance.WHEN I GAZE UPON THE LILY.
EUGENE OUDIN.
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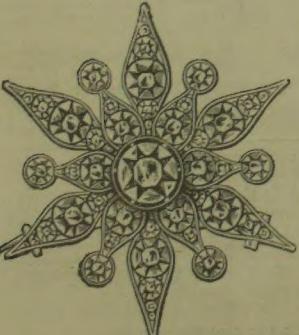
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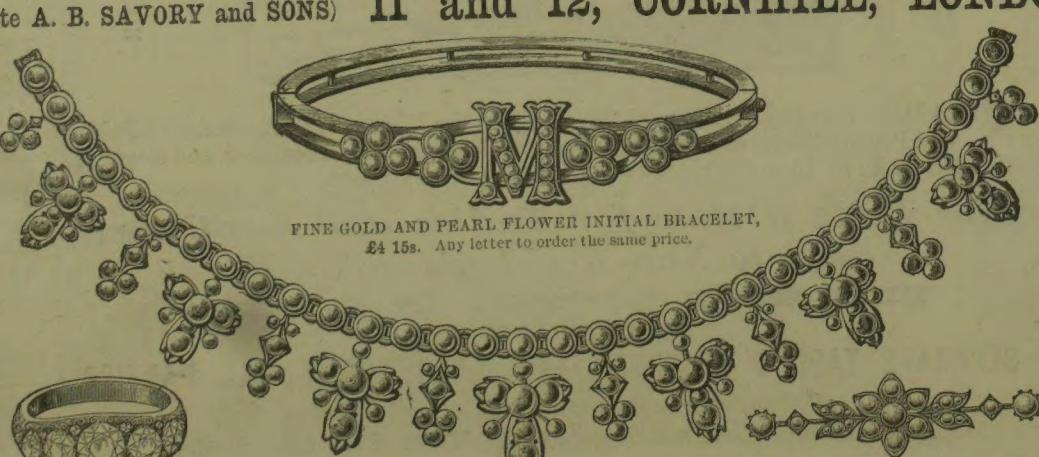


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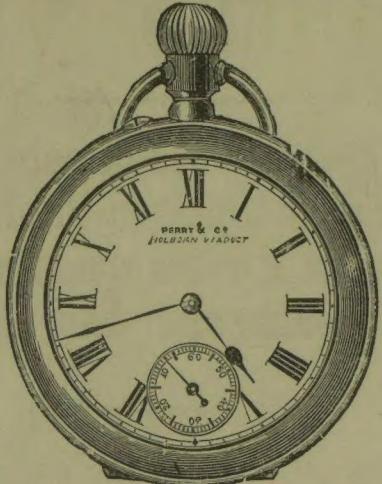
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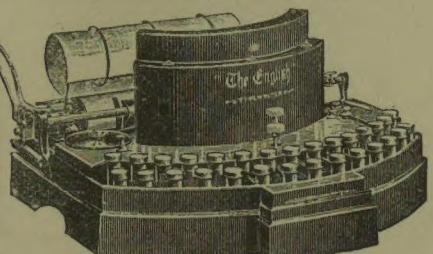
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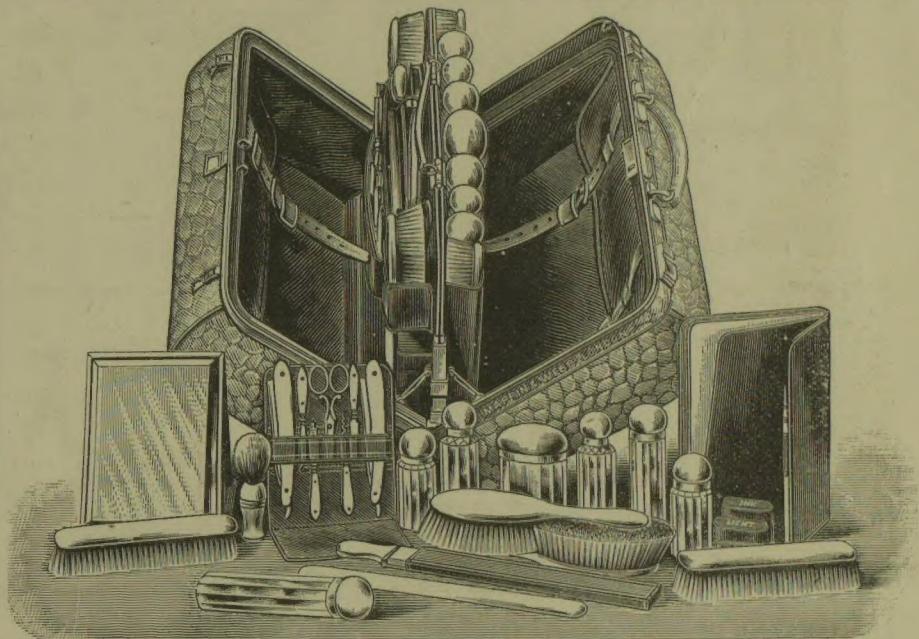
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BEECHAM'S PILLS.

A little child lay on her bed of pain,
With deep blue eyes, and wealth of golden hair,
Longing that Summer hours would come again,
With all their sunshine and their pleasures fair.

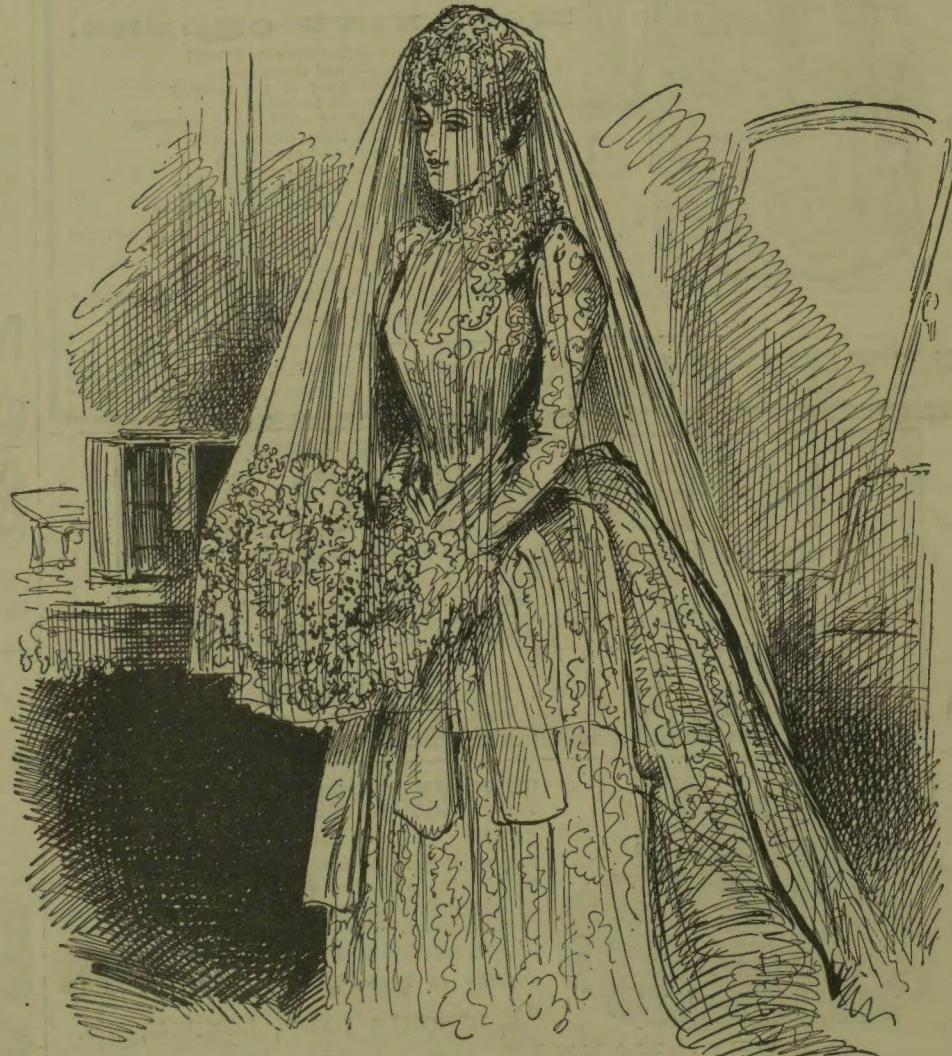
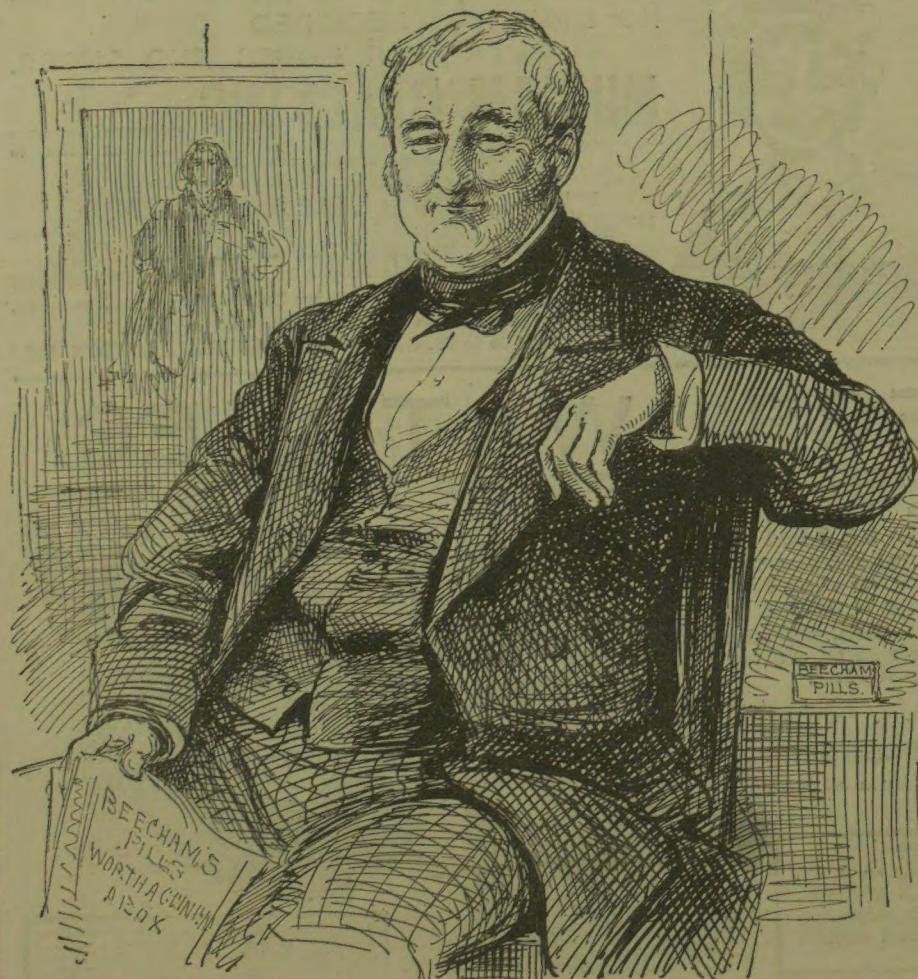
With ministry of quiet, tender love,
The mother watched beside her as she lay,
A message came—O joy, all joys above !
It turned her sadness into brightest day.

It told of certain cure—what words of cheer
For weary sickness and all mortal ills !
Returning health soon blessed the child so dear,
Who gladly took a box of "BEECHAM'S PILLS."



A maiden in life's Springtime, faint and weak,
And smitten down by fell Consumption's hand,
The hectic flush upon her fair young cheek,
That piteous scourge of this our northern land.

She read the tidings scattered far and wide,
And brightest hopes began her heart to fill,
Came back to health to be a beauteous bride,
Now rescued by the world-famed "BEECHAM'S
PILL."



An old man in the Winter of his days,
With laboured breath, and many a bitter pain,
Tried the same cure—a cure beyond all praise,
And seemed to live his younger life again.

For all the pains that mortals can beset
'Mid life's sad changes, and its numerous ills,
One remedy unfailing we have yet,
Thank kindly Heaven for BEECHAM'S
marvellous PILLS.